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No. 49.

MADAME SANS-GENE

(MADAME DEVIL-MAY-CARE)

A Comedy in Three Acts and a Prologue

BY

VICTORIEN SARDOU AND ADRIEN MOREAU

(ENGLISH BY CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.)

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CHARACTERS.

PROLOGUE.—Paris, August 10, 1792.

Sergeant Lefebvre.
Count de Neipperg.
Fouche.
Vabontrain.
Rissout.
Jolicœur.
Vinegar.
First Neighbor.
Second Neighbor.
Third Neighbor.
First Citizeness.
Second Citizeness.
Julie, Jennie, Marie, } laundry girls.
Catherine Hubscher (Madame Sans-Gene).

DRAMA.—Compiegne, France, September, 1811.

Marshal Lefebvre.
Napoleon.
Fouche.
Count de Neipperg.
Savary, Duke of Rovigo.
Canouville.
M. Despreaux.
Tulip.
M. de Brigode.
Cop.
Roustan.
Lauriston.
Leroy.
Queen Caroline, of Naples.
Eliza, Princess of Primbrino.
Madame de Bulow.
Madame de Canisy.
Madame de Savary.
Madame de Bassano.
Duchess of Dantzig.

The Emperor's Household, Officers, Mamelukes, National Guards, Valets de pied, People.

SYNOPSIS.

PROLOGUE.—Catherine Hubscher's laundry, Rue Sainte-Anne, Paris, August 10. 1792.

ACT I.—Drawing-room at the Chateau de Compiegne, September, 1811.

ACTS II. and III.—Napoleon's library at Compiegne.

MADAME SANS-GENE.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE I.—*Paris, the 10th of August, 1792.*

DISCOVERED.—JENNIE, JULIE, MARIE. *In the street,* NEIGHBORS, MEN *and* WOMEN, CIVILIANS *and* SHOPKEEPERS.

At rise of curtain, drums are heard beating, trumpets sounding the charge in the distance. A report of a cannon as the curtain rises.

Be sure keys are in all doors.

JENNIE. (R., *going up to door* C.) Did you hear that? It must be somewhere near the Rue de l'Echelle now.

JULIE. (L., *crossing to* R.) My! I'm frightened to death.

MARIE. (*carrots—up* C.) I only hope they won't come fighting down *our* street.

JULIE. (*kneeling*) Bless us and save us!

JENNIE. (*up* C.) Down our street. What should they come here for? It's the Tuileries and the King they're after. (*going to window* L.)

FIRST NEIGHBOR *and* OMNES. (*at back*) Of course they are. That's it.

FIRST WOMAN. (*up* C.) I tell you they're at the Carrousel. (*report of cannon*)

MARIE. It'll be a mercy if they don't smash every pane of glass in the shop.

JULIE. Well, I shan't forget this 10th of August in a hurry. (*at back a National Guard wounded in the leg supported by two other guards enters at* L., *is taken into the druggist's shop. All the people move towards the shop. See work basket with bandages in, on table*)

JENNIE. Look! Look! They're taking home a wounded man.

MARIE. Julie, Julie, it's one of the National Guards Look.

JULIE. Mercy! I don't want to look. (*cannon shot*) I'm all of a tremble. And the missis right in the thick of it.

FIRST WOMAN. (*up* R.) Why did you let her go out?

JENNIE. I'd like to see any one stop her when *she's* set her mind on doing a thing.

MARIE. What does she care about danger?

JENNIE. Danger? She's too devil-may-care to mind that. Why, haven't they nicknamed her "Madam Sans-Gene"? Just because she always does as she pleases. (*cannon shot*)

MARIE. Oh, here comes the man from Nantes. Now we'll hear the news.

JENNIE. What? M. Fouche?

MARIE. Ay, M. Fouche. Lord, how he does hate the King and the Austrian woman. Hey! M. Fouche! M. Fouche!

OMNES. (*at back*) M'sieur Fouche! Fouche!

JENNIE. Oh, you needn't shout at him like that. He's running as hard as his leg'll let him, isn't he?

MARIE. Here he comes.

Enter FOUCHE, L. *at* B., *with valise and umbrella. He comes down to table* R. C. *All crowd around him.*

ALL. Well, what's happened?

JENNIE. Well, M'sieur Fouche.

MARIE. Did you see any of the fighting?

FOUCHE. Yes, yes. I've just come from it.

ALL. What are they fighting about? What's the news?

FOUCHE. Bad—very bad. (*a drum beating the assembly in the distance*)

ALL. O Lord, etc. (*going up* C. *and looking off* L.)

FOUCHE. Ah, it's a bad lookout for me, that is, for *you*. The tyrant's winning. Let me have my linen—quick—don't wait to wash it. In with it.

MARIE. (*bringing some wash*) You're not going to run away, are you?

FOUCHE. Run away? Certainly not. I'm *hurrying* off that's all.

JULIE. (*bringing some wash*) Off to Nantes, eh?

FOUCHE. I am.

JENNIE. (L. C.) My! It must be awful—what's gone wrong?

FOUCHE. Wrong? Everything's wrong. At first we carried all before us. A few minutes ago the patriots held the Carrousel.

FIRST NEIGHBOR. (R.) Were you there?

FOUCHE. In spirit—*yes*. As for my body, it was close at hand, watching the struggle. When those Swiss devils poured such a volley into them——

OMNES. Eh?

FOUCHE. That is, into us—that we—no, *they* just left the guns behind and——

ALL. Oh!

FOUCHE. Fell back! (*bus. of handkerchief—to* MARIE) This isn't mine. They scattered in all directions. I followed their example—and came here, that's all. Is your missis out?

JULIE. (R.) Ay—out there. (*gesture—pointing off* L. *at back*)

FOUCHE. There? Where?

JENNIE. (*at ironing board* L.) Right in the thick of it. You see, this morning she heard that some customers of ours were getting ready to skip.

FOUCHE. The cowards! Well?

JENNIE. Well, Mamzelle's had that trick played on her before now by the aristocrats. So, says she, "My beauties, you shan't get the best of me this time. I'll take your linen back myself and make you pay up while I wait."

FOUCHE. And where do these people live?

JULIE. In the Rue St. Nicaise.

FOUCHE. You were right. She *is* in the thick of it.

MARIE. And no sign of her coming back.

JULIE. Oh dear, oh dear. If they should bring her back on a stretcher. (*two cannon reports—exclamations in the street and general movement—drum beating the charge*)

JENNIE. Saints alive! they're at it again.

FOUCHE. So much the better.

FIRST CITIZEN. (*voices heard outside*) It's Sans-Gene—it's Sans-Gene.

JENNIE. She's coming! She's coming!

JULIE. The missis?

JENNIE. Yes, yes. Here she comes, here she comes.

Enter CATHERINE. C., *followed by the crowd from back.*

JENNIE. Oh, Mamzelle.

JULIE. Thank goodness you're safe.

MARIE. My! What a turn you've given us!

CATHERINE. Phew! Here I am, my dears, all that's left of me. Phew! Let me get my breath. What a time we've had of it!

FIRST NEIGHBOR. (*down* L.) Were *you* there?

CATHERINE. *Was* I?

SECOND NEIGHBOR. Warm work, eh?

CATHERINE. *Warm!* I should say so!

JENNIE. Did you see any of it?

CATHERINE. Not a thing.

FOUCHE. (R. *of table*) What's going on?

CATHERINE. Blessed if *I* know.

ALL. Oh!

CATHERINE. I hadn't time to find out. I was shoving through a lot of patriots in the Rue St. Nicaise. They were yelling at me, "Not that way, not that way, my beauty,

you'll be shot." Lord bless you, they might have saved their wind. Well, I'd got as far as the corner of the Rue de Chartres, when I ran right into another crowd, scrambling for cartridges. One of 'em, a great big hairy chap, with a bristly beard and bare arms, hollers out—"*Where* are you going, you fool? Do you want to get your skull cracked?" "Going," says I, "just where I please." "No you don't," he cries, and with that he lifts me up and kisses me in the neck, and pushes me over to the next man, and he kisses me, and passes me on. And on again till the whole lot of 'em had wiped their nasty dirty lips on me. The brutes! (*laughter from the group*) I didn't stop to ask any questions—I'd rather cross the Place du Carrousel and take my chance of being riddled with shot, that I would any day, than stand up and face another broadside of their filthy kisses, and every man jack of them reeked with garlic. (*general laughter. All the neighbors except* FOUCHE *go up stage and into the street, remaining before the door, talking and pointing off* L. *Hairdresser is seen through window* L. *talking with* VABONTRAIN, *who has entered from* L. *at back*)

JENNIE. Well, you got back, anyhow. (*taking basket and placing it on steps* L.)

JULIE. They ruffled you up a bit, that's all.

CATHERINE. (*crossing over to* R.) My cap's all out of shape, isn't it?

JULIE. I should think so. (*takes cap from* CATHERINE *and places it on chair*)

FOUCHE. (*up* C.) We're not much wiser than we were before.

HAIRDRESSER. (*at back* C.) Oh, yes, we are. Everything's going splendidly. Lochard's just come from the Carrousel. He says the people have renewed the attack.

FOUCHE. Bravo!

FIRST NEIGHBOR. (*at back*) They're storming the palace from three points at once now.

FIRST WOMAN. (*at back*) And the King's hidden himself in the ridin' school, with the Austrian woman.

THIRD NEIGHBOR. (*at back*) And the Swiss Guards have almost used up their ammunition.

FOUCHE. (*going up and looking off* L.) Better and better.

CATHERINE. (*at bureau* R.) I only hope my Lefebvre's not been poking his nose into the row. Takin' the Bastile wasn't enough for him. Wherever there's a fight, he's bound to be in it. (*report of cannon; 6-8 march; drums rather nearer are beating the charge*)

FIRST NEIGHBOR. The National Guards are going to the front, with the guns. Long live the Nation! (*a general shout from those at back, going off* L. *Soldiers cross*

from R. *to* L. JENNIE, JULIE *and* MARIE *go up to* L. *window, look out and wave handkerchief to soldiers*)

CATHERINE. (*going up and looking off* L.) That's all very fine. But if *they* have *their* dirty linen to wash out there, *we've* got ours to wash in here. Now then, girls, wake up. Here, you two, go and hang this up in the yard.

JENNIE *and* JULIE. Yes, Mamzelle. (*going off* L. 2 *with tub*)

CATHERINE. *You* can run around with this washing to the young officer in the Rue des Moulins. He hasn't any too much of it. Never mind the bill. He hasn't a sou to bless himself with. (MATHURIN *crosses from* L. *to* R. *at back*)

MARIE. Yes, Mamzelle. (*exit* C. *and off* L.)

CATHERINE. Hey, Mathurin?

MATHURIN. (*in* C. *door*) Yes, Mamzelle.

CATHERINE. Run round to the guard-house in the Rue Colbert and see if Sergeant Lefebvre's there.

MATHURIN. Yes, Mamzelle.

CATHERINE. Hold hard! If he's there, tell him I want to see him. If he's not there, find out where he is.

MATHURIN. Yes, Mamzelle. (*going off* R. *at back*)

CATHERINE. You won't make a mistake? Ask for Sergeant Lefebvre.

MATHURIN. Yes, Mamzelle. (*in the distance*)

CATHERINE. (*closing door* C.) I am going to shut up shop. You can't be still a moment here with all that crowd bobbing in and out. (*noise dies away a little in the street. People may be seen through the closed windows going and coming. The noise of the combat at a great distance is heard at intervals*)

FOUCHE. (*down* L. *at chair*) You seem to be very fond of that ex-French guard, my fair Catherine.

CATHERINE. (*rolling up sleeves*) What? Are *you* there still? Well, and what if I am? There's no law against loving, is there? (*takes starch bowl from stove and places it on end of ironing board* L.—*then goes to table* R., *takes cups and crosses over to* L. *of ironing board*)

FOUCHE. Far from it.

CATHERINE. And maybe my Lefebvre isn't a fine strapping, darling fellow?

FOUCHE. He's all that. Comes from your part of the country, I believe?

CATHERINE. Yes, we're both from Alsace. He's from Ruffach—only a few leagues from St. Amarin, my birthplace. But lor' bless you, we'd never set eyes on each other till six weeks ago.

FOUCHE. You don't say so. (*in chair* L.)

CATHERINE. Honor bright. You see, he was in the militia before he joined the French guards, and I was out

in service till I came here to be apprenticed to the Widow Lobligeois. (*looking up at picture over door* R.) Bless her soul, poor creature. She had a fit and died soon after, leaving me this shop and all her things. So there I was, you see, my own mistress—all at a jump. Well, one fine Sunday, a few weeks ago. I says to the girls, says I—"Girls, there's no two ways about it. I'll take you all to Wass-hall for a dance. (*at* L. *of ironing board*)

FOUCHE. Vaux-hall.

CATHERINE. (L. *of ironing board*) Vax-hall—or Wass-hall as you please. It's on the Boulevard des Temples. (*cannon in distance*)

FOUCHE. It is.

CATHERINE. (*starching caps*) What does the name matter, anyhow? Well, I'd hardly got inside the ballroom when a great, hulking rascal with his hat cocked over his nose comes up to me—Lord, how ugly he was too. He'd have turned the milk sour. Says he, "I'd like to dance a fricassee with you." "Not if I know it," says I. "Why not?" says he. "Because I don't choose," says I. "You think too much of yourself, don't you?" he answers. "Too stuck up and prudish, aren't you, my dear?" He hadn't got the words well out of his mouth, before some one caught him a crack on the head that laid him flat. O Lord, O Lord, what a crack he did get, to be sure. And then some one called out, "There's your fricassee for you, how d'ye like it?" It was my Lefebvre. Then he ups to me, as civil as you please, like a true soldier who knows how to treat a lady when he sees one, and asks me for a dance. And didn't I enjoy whirling round with him? That's how we first met—in society! (*cross* R. *to table. Cannon in distance. Two soldiers and two women come on from* L. *to* C. *at back.* CATHERINE *places bundle of caps, which she has starched, on upper end of table* R., *takes flatiron from fireplace and begins to iron handkerchiefs, standing* R. *of table*)

FOUCHE. And that, I suppose, is why he's always to be found in your shop—morning, noon and night.

CATHERINE. (*ironing*) You've very clever, aren't you? He doesn't make any secret of his courting.

FOUCHE. Oh, dear, no. The whole neighborhood's gossiping about it.

CATHERINE. Let it gossip. *I* can stand it. I'm an honest girl, I am, and Lefebvre knows it. When I said to him, "I love you," I meant it, and I hadn't said it to no one else, neither. So they can cackle as much as they please, I don't care *that* for their gossip.

FOUCHE. When's the marriage to come off?

CATHERINE. As soon as he likes—unless he puts his foot in it.

FOUCHE. What do you mean?

CATHERINE. Mean? He's jealous—that's what I mean—he scares me to death sometimes, when he's in one of those black moods of his. Why, we nearly broke it off three days ago—and all on your account. (*gets another iron*)

FOUCHE. Jealous of me too, is he?

CATHERINE. (*comes down* C.) Yes—even of you—with your psalm-singing face. He must be crazy. Bless my soul, if he was to come in now and find you here! What are you waiting for, anyhow? (*cross to* R.)

FOUCHE. I'm only waiting.

CATHERINE. Yes, I can see that. But what are you waiting for?

FOUCHE. To hear whether they take the Tuileries or not. (*report of cannon* P. P. *Drum beating charge* P. P. *Soldiers and women at back exit* L.)

CATHERINE. Why don't you help the rest of them to take it?

FOUCHE. What's the use? They're attending to the business.

CATHERINE. (*ironing*) Ah, you're one of the sort that spends all his time at the Palais Royal, shouting, "Long live liberty! Down with the tyrant! Forward, patriots!" And when the patriots go to the front to get their heads smashed, there you stick, glued to your chair. Haven't you any blood in your veins, man?

FOUCHE. None to spare, and I don't see why I should waste it.

CATHERINE. Ugh, you're afraid, you are.

FOUCHE. Each to his trade, my dear. Some make revolutions.

CATHERINE. Yes, and some are made by them.

FOUCHE. Exactly. Some are sent into the world to fight and some—to—er—organize. *I'm* an organizer.

CATHERINE. No need to tell me that. You were a bit of a priest once, weren't you?

FOUCHE. I was an Oratorian for a short time—at Nantes. But I've taken to another trade since '89.

CATHERINE. Oh, and what d'you call yourself now?

FOUCHE. A revolutionist.

CATHERINE. Make a livin' at it?

FOUCHE. Not yet—but I shall, soon.

CATHERINE. Ah, I daresay. (*report of cannon* P. P.) So they're upsetting the King out there for *your* benefit. (*irons cap*)

FOUCHE. Well, to some extent, yes.

CATHERINE. And when they've upset him, what are they going to put in his place? (CATHERINE *takes cap from bureau* R. *and places it on table, then goes to*

fireplace and takes crimping irons and comes down C.)

FOUCHE. Anything they please. It makes no difference to me. *I'll* be on the right side, when the time comes.

CATHERINE. (*irons cap*) I suppose you think they'll make a minister of you.

FOUCHE. Why not?

CATHERINE. Not a minister of war, I'll wager.

FOUCHE. Scarcely.

CATHERINE. (*crimping irons*) No, you'd rather be a chief of police, wouldn't you?

FOUCHE. That *would* be more in my line.

CATHERINE. (C.) Yes, I can see you sticking that foxy nose of yours into everybody's dirty linen.

FOUCHE. Let's say "chief of police" then.

CATHERINE. Well, I declare! He takes it all in dead earnest. You idiot. You've as much chance of being made a minister as I have of being a duchess. (*goes to table* R.)

FOUCHE. I can scarcely imagine you in *that* character.

CATHERINE. No more can I.

FOUCHE. Besides, they're going to do away with duchesses. But they will always need *ministers*. (*cross up* C.)

CATHERINE. Well, when you're a minister, I hope you won't forget that little bill you owe me. (*bus. with cap*)

FOUCHE. For shame, my dear. Asking favors already. (*two reports of cannon* P. P.)

CATHERINE. Favors or no favors, I've washed your linen for the last three months, and what have I got for it?

FOUCHE. My gratitude.

CATHERINE. Ah, stuff!

FOUCHE. (*at upper end of table* R.) Why are you so hard on me, fair Catherine, when you are so obliging to others?

CATHERINE. Others? What others?

FOUCHE. For instance, the young artillery officer in the Rue des Moulins.

CATHERINE. Poor young man.

FOUCHE. (*in chair*) Didn't you whisper to Marie just now that she was not to press him for the money he owed you?

CATHERINE. You've got fine ears, you have. Well, and if I did. He can have all the credit he wants. There!

FOUCHE. And am I to have none?

CATHERINE. (*placing cap on bureau*) You're a good for nothing. He's a soldier, every inch of him, and a defender of his country.

FOUCHE. A nice hero he'd make. Wasn't he degraded

for missing a parade? And isn't that why he's here working so hard to get his rank restored to him? (*sits at table* R.)

CATHERINE. *You've* found that out too, have you?

FOUCHE. Of course I have.

CATHERINE. That licks me. I never knew any old crone that was your equal for spying out other people's business. (*at fireplace.* CATHERINE *places irons back of fireplace, then crosses over to* L., *takes starch bowl from ironing board and places it back on stove* R. C. ; *she then goes to dresser* L., *takes bluing bottle and prepares bluing water*)

FOUCHE. Oh, I merely observe things. By the bye, it's not the least use your making—advances to this—this—what's his name? Boune—Bouna——

CATHERINE. Bonaparte. (*over to* L. *Replacing starch bowl* R.)

FOUCHE. Bonaparte—that's it—Timoleon Bonaparte.

CATHERINE. *Nap*-oleon—not *Tim*oleon. (*bus. of bluing*)

FOUCHE. I beg your pardon. *Tim*oleon. There's no such name as Nap-oleon.

CATHERINE. I tell you it's Nap-oleon.

FOUCHE. Napoleon be it. An outlandish name. How the devil can any one be expected to remember such a name?

CATHERINE. It's Corsican. And so is he.

FOUCHE. So I should think. He looks like a savage, with his swarthy skin and his hooked nose and his flashing eyes.

CATHERINE. I like him that way.

FOUCHE. And he's as thin as a lath.

CATHERINE. (C., *with towel up back*) Poor lad, no wonder. He lives on Jarlat's six-sou dinners.

FOUCHE. And yesterday he had to pawn his watch to pay for even that. (*a bell sounds the alarm*)

CATHERINE. You've found that out, too.

FOUCHE. If ever *he* gets on, it'll be a miracle. (*noise of crowd at back. All come on to* C. JENNIE *and* JULIE *come on from door* L. 2 *and go up to window at back*)

CATHERINE. What's that?

FOUCHE. (*going up* C.) Smoke.

CATHERINE. There's a fire somewhere.

FOUCHE. (*opening* C. *door*) Yes, and there goes the alarm bell at St. Roche.

CATHERINE. (*up to door* C.) They must be burning down the Tuileries.

FOUCHE. Excellent! excellent!

FIRST NEIGHBOR. No, it's only the barracks of the Swiss Guards, at the Carrousel. (*cries in the distance:* "*Victory! Victory! Long live the Nation!*")

Enter SOLDIERS *from* L. *to* C. *at back.*

ALL. Hurrah for the patriots! Long live the Nation! Down with the tyrants.

FOUCHE. (R. C.) Then the Tuileries?

SECOND NEIGHBOR. Taken by storm.

FOUCHE. At last I triumph.

JENNIE. There's Vinegar, the drummer-boy.

FIRST *and* THIRD NEIGHBORS. Hey, Vinegar, Vinegar! (VINEGAR *comes on running from* R. *They stop him and bring him down* C.)

FIRST WOMAN. Stop him! Stop!

CATHERINE. Where have *you* come from?

VINEGAR. (*in* C. *door*) From the *section*—with orders from M'sieur Santiere to march to the Convention. They're having a fine time of it there. I'm off.

CATHERINE. Wait a moment, can't you?

VINEGAR. Let me go. I can't stay here.

CATHERINE. You won't say no to a glass of wine. (*as* VINEGAR *comes down* C., JENNIE *goes to dresser* L., *takes pitcher and cup, pours out wine, leaving pitcher on ironing board, then comes down* L., *handing cup to* MARIE, *who hands it to* VINEGAR)

VINEGAR. Always time for *that.* (*coming down* C., *crowd following*)

FIRST NEIGHBOR. (L.) So they've taken the palace?

VINEGAR. Well, I should think so.

CATHERINE. (R. C., *on stool*) Did you go inside?

VINEGAR. I was one of the first to enter, *beating the charge,* too. There's a regular mob in there now. They're all shouting and dancing, singing and slaughtering, kissing and hugging, and smashing things to bits. (*all laugh*) You never saw such a sight. They're pitching the furniture out of the windows and the bottles and the bedding, and every now and then, by way of varying the fun, they'll throw a cook out. (*all laugh*) Talk of sport!

FOUCHE. (R.) And what are the Swiss doing?

Enter MATHURIN *at back from* R.

VINEGAR. Those fellows? Oh, they're shooting them down in the courtyards and gardens, in the streets and on the roof, wherever they get sight of them. (*takes drink*)

FOUCHE. Here, Sans-Gene, look after my valise. (*exit* C. *and off* L.)

CATHERINE. (*rising*) Ah, you're bold enough now that there's no danger! (*to* MATHURIN) Well, Mathurin, what about Lefebvre?

MATHURIN. (*up* C.) He's at the Tuileries.

CATHERINE. (R. C.) I knew it, I knew it!

VINEGAR. Is it the sergeant you mean? Why, I left him hunting red-coats in the Rue de l'Echelle just now.

CATHERINE. (*again on stool*) Then he's not hurt?

VINEGAR. Time to be moving, comrades. Who'll follow me to the den of despotism?

NEIGHBORS. (*both sexes*) We will! We will!

VINEGAR. Forward—march!

JENNIE, MARIE *and* JULIE. Let's all go. (*all go off* C. *to* L., VINEGAR *beating drum; the sound dies away in the distance*)

JENNIE. You won't say no, Mamzelle?

MARIE. Oh, do let us go!

CATHERINE. All right. Off with you. I'm so glad to know Lefebvre's safe that I'll give you all a holiday—and what's more, I'll take one *myself*. (*rising*)

JENNIE, MARIE *and* JULIE. (*going up* C.) Thanks, thanks, Mamzelle.

CATHERINE. Hey, you there! Come back. Shut the shutters first. (*lower lights one-quarter, then down to three-quarters as the shutters are closed*) I'll lock the door—go on—go on. I'll get out through the courtyard and catch up with you in a jiffy.

THE GIRLS. Yes, thanks, Mamzelle. (*they close shutters of windows* R. *and* L., *then exit* C. *and off* L. CATHERINE *closes doors and shutters* C., MATHURIN *helping*)

CATHERINE. (C.) I don't see why I should stay here all alone. (*two gunshots off* L.) Now, if I could only run across my Lefebvre. (*enter* NEIPPERG *at door* L. 2) Well, if ever—— Oh, make yourself at home!

NEIPPERG. For the love of God, don't scream or I am lost.

CATHERINE. I guess I'll scream if I want to—a nice way you've got of breaking into people's houses, I *don't* think.

NEIPPERG. (*at chair* L.) For pity's sake, keep still. They've lost the track. I ran in here to hide at haphazard. I'm wounded!

CATHERINE. Wounded! Poor fellow!

NEIPPERG. I have escaped from the Tuileries.

CATHERINE. What? Who are you?

NEIPPERG. An Austrian—Count de Neipperg!

CATHERINE. A Royalist. (*starting from him*)

NEIPPERG. A Royalist who has done his duty defending the Queen.

CATHERINE. Fighting for the Austrian woman! After all, though, I can't blame you for *that*. She's your countrywoman. And a wounded man is sacred. Don't you fear. (NEIPPERG *drops in chair* L.) I'll not harm you. (*bolts door* L.)

NEIPPERG. Thank you! Thank you!

CATHERINE. (*going to table for bandage*) Let's have a look at that wound. Where is it?

NEIPPERG. Here—in the side.

CATHERINE. Well, I'm going to bandage it. (*over to* NEIPPERG. *Voices heard outside at back* L.)

NEIPPERG. It was fortunate that I took refuge with you. . . . What's that?

CATHERINE. That's nothing, only people passing in the street. (*the noise continues at street door. The sound of guns being grounded is heard*) No. They've stopped here!

LEFEBVRE. Hulloa! Catherine! (*knocking at door* C.)

CATHERINE. It's Lefebvre.

LEFEBVRE. Is she out? (*voices of neighbors heard: "Yes, yes—No, no—No!"*)

CATHERINE. Up you go, quick! (*over to* C., *pointing to stairs* L.)

NEIPPERG. (*starting off*) I cannot climb those stairs.

CATHERINE. (*taking him over to door* R.) In there, there, in my room. For God's sake, be quick!

LEFEBVRE. Hulloa, Catherine, are you there?

VOICES. Mme. Sans-Gene! Mme. Sans-Gene!

CATHERINE. (*taking basket from table*) Coming! Coming! . . . You'll have to tie the bandage yourself. I'll be back as soon as I can. Whatever you do, don't stir or you're a dead man. (NEIPPERG *exits door* R. 2)

LEFEBVRE. Come, slow coach, hurry up!

CATHERINE. (*locks door* R., *puts key in pocket*) I'm a-coming! I tell you, can't you give me time to get down from the garret? (*work up lights on stage as the doors are opened.* CATHERINE *unlocks doors* C. *and opens them*)

Enter LEFEBVRE, VABONTRAIN, JOLICŒUR, RISSOUT *and two officers.*

LEFEBVRE. We don't want to kiss our sweetheart, eh?

CATHERINE. Don't we? There—and there! (*kisses*)

LEFEBVRE. Who returns victorious and safe and sound.

CATHERINE. I should hope so indeed.

LEFEBVRE. (C.) Come in, comrades. . . . This is Mamzelle Catherine Hubscher, better known in the neighborhood as Mme. Sans-Gene. An Alsatian, like myself.

VABONTRAIN. (R. C.) Citizen!

JOLICŒUR. (R.) Prospects to both of you!

RISSOUT. (R. C.) And to Alsace. . . . Ah, we grow some good things in Alsace.

LEFEBVRE. Now to business. In the first place, we came here by accident. (*places gun at back*)

CATHERINE. (*down* R. C.) Oh, indeed. You haven't come to see me then?

LEFEBVRE. Frankly, no. We're hunting the red-coats and the rest of the tyrant's hired assassins. . . . One of them, a civilian, gave us the slip somewhere near here. We'd winged him, though! In the second place, we're

mighty dry. Eh, lads, and by the Lord, there's some wine. (*sees pitcher on ironing board*)

SOLDIERS. Ah!

CATHERINE. Hold hard. I've got some better stuff than *that*. (CATHERINE *gets bottle of wine and corkscrew from dresser* L., *gives them to* LEFEBVRE. SOLDIERS *seat themselves at table* R. *after placing guns at back.* LEFEBVRE *closes and locks* C. *doors*)

OMNES. Ah, that's the right sort.

CATHERINE. It can't be too good for patriots. We don't take the Tuileries every day.

RISSOUT. No, thank our stars. (*tablecloth bus.*)

CATHERINE. Oh, here! that cloth's clean. (*crosses over to table and pushes cloth back*) Hot work, eh? (*getting cups*)

VABONTRAIN. I should say so. Ah!

LEFEBVRE. (R. C., *drawing cork*) Curse it, it was this way. They were pouring bullets into us from every roof and every window in the palace, and every shot went home.

JOLICŒUR. They gave us a hard tussle for it, devil take 'em. (CATHERINE *brings cups from dresser and places them on table*)

LEFEBVRE. (*placing bottle on table*) 'Twasn't the Swiss Guards that we were thinking of most. *They* were only doing what they were paid for. No, it was those infernal aristocrats and the murderous hole and corner traitors, *we* couldn't stand them at any price.

VABONTRAIN. (*pouring wine*) Right you are. Curse 'em.

CATHERINE. (C.) They've left their mark on *you*. What's that tear there?

LEFEBVRE. (*at* L. *of table*) That's a bayonet mark.

CATHERINE. You're not wounded.

LEFEBVRE. If I am, it's the first I've heard of it. (*sits* L. *of table. Soldiers laugh*)

CATHERINE. More work for to-morrow. (*cup on table*)

LEFEBVRE. It's too bad that lame duck got away from us.

CATHERINE. (C.) Mercy on us! Can't you leave the man alone? You've won, haven't you?

LEFEBVRE. He'd better keep out of *my* way all the same.

CATHERINE. There you go, flying out again. Who'd ever think *you* were meant to be a priest!

THE OTHERS. What? The sergeant? *Him* a priest?

ALL. To the nation! (CATHERINE *goes up stage, takes towel from chair at back and comes down* C.)

LEFEBVRE. Ay, it's true, too. You see, I had an old uncle who was a priest. It was his idea, but I was not

cut out for that business. *So* what did I do but come to Paris and enlist in the French Guards with Vabontrain. I don't regret it neither. No, nor I don't regret goin' to Vauxhall for a dance. That was where I met my Catherine there. (CATHERINE'S *bus. with towel*)

RISSOUT. Ha! ha! It was there, was it?

LEFEBVRE. There it was, and on the first Sunday of July last too. It wasn't none too easy to clutch hold of her, seein' as I'd just had this cap of liberty tattooed on my right arm, with "Death to Tyrants" underneath.

VABONTRAIN. And a pretty piece of work it *is*.

LEFEBVRE. So *I* say. But damnation! How my arm did smart.

CATHERINE. His *other* arm smarted when we had our next dance, not long after, at Rapee Ball.

LEFEBVRE. (*holding out* L. *hand*) Ay, *this* one.

CATHERINE. (*beside* LEFEBVRE) The one with the heart and arrow pierced through it, and underneath, the words——

LEFEBVRE. "Sans-Gene."

CATHERINE. "For Life."

VABONTRAIN. Very well put, too. My arm's got two pigeons on it, pecking at a wreath of roses.

CATHERINE. And whose name's there?

VABONTRAIN. I left the name out. It gives a man a better chance. (*all laugh*)

RISSOUT. When's the wedding to come off?

CATHERINE. (*over to* L.) When he's cured of being jealous, not before.

LEFEBVRE. If *that's* all, my lass, I'm cured now.

CATHERINE. Oh, you are, are you? Catch you missing a chance of making a scene.

LEFEBVRE. Not I—I've got over that. (SOLDIERS *rise and go up* C.)

VABONTRAIN. Well, my turtle doves, we've wasted enough time chattering, they're waiting for us yonder at the Convention.

LEFEBVRE. (C.) Won't you come with us?

CATHERINE. (*crossing to table* R.) What use'd *I* be there?

LEFEBVRE. Thunder, if my hands ain't dirty!

CATHERINE. (*bus. with cups at table* R.) Powder stains, that's all. You needn't be ashamed of them.

LEFEBVRE. All very nice, but I can't go to the Convention like that.

CATHERINE. Just the way *I'd* like to go if I was you.

LEFEBVRE. The very thing I wanted. (*goes to bowl on ironing board* L., *is about to wash his hands when* CATHERINE *stops him*)

CATHERINE. For mercy's sake! my blue! (*places bowl on dresser*)

LEFEBVRE. Blue, eh? We'll leave that color for the King. Ah, here we are. (*goes to starch bowl* R. C.)

CATHERINE. My starch!

LEFEBVRE. (*going to door* R. 2) Starch, eh? Well, I'll wash in your bedroom.

CATHERINE. No, no! Come out in the yard to the pump! Here's soap. (*over to door* L. 2)

LEFEBVRE. Why, the door's locked! What's the door locked for?

CATHERINE. I was going out. . . . Here's a towel. (*at door* L.) Come.

LEFEBVRE. There's someting queer about this door's being locked.

CATHERINE. Are you going to begin aggravating me with your nonsense again? Drop it, do you hear?

LEFEBVRE. Why did you take out the key?

CATHERINE. Because I choose. You'd better drop it now; understand?

LEFEBVRE. And suppose I want to go in?

CATHERINE. *You?*

LEFEBVRE. Yes, I!

CATHERINE. (L. C.) You'll go in when you're my husband, and not before.

LEFEBVRE. We'll see about that. I'm going in there now and (*coming to* C.) I want that key, d'you hear?

CATHERINE. Excuse me. The *King* used to say, "We want." (*laugh*)

LEFEBVRE. Don't laugh! You know you don't feel like it any more than I do! Come! the key!

CATHERINE. *No!*

LEFEBVRE. Now I see why you were closed up so tight. That's why you didn't answer. That's why you were so long letting us in! *There's some one in there.*

CATHERINE. Oh, indeed, and *who* pray?

LEFEBVRE. Your lover.

CATHERINE. Well, and if there is? I'm free, I suppose.

LEFEBVRE. You don't deny it.

CATHERINE. I'm neither your wife nor your mistress, I can open my room to any one I choose.

LEFEBVRE. Damnation! You shan't put me off like that.

VABONTRAIN, JOLICŒUR *and* RISSOUT. (*advancing*) Come, come, Lefebvre!

LEFEBVRE. (*going back to door* R.) Go to the devil! I'll settle matters with this coward, who does not even dare to show himself. (*shaking door*)

CATHERINE. I forbid you!

LEFEBVRE. D'you hear that. (*going back to* CATHERINE)

CATHERINE. Out you go now. Quick step—march!

SOLDIERS. We can't go without Lefebvre!

LEFEBVRE. You jade, you! I'll have it in spite of you!

CATHERINE. Let me go! Let me go! Isn't there a man among you all to help me?

THE OTHERS. Come now, Lefebvre, let the girl alone.

LEFEBVRE. The first one who interferes with——

VABONTRAIN. (*retiring up* C.) Oh, let 'em fight it out.

CATHERINE. You're hurting me, you savage!

LEFEBVRE. I've got it. (*goes to door* R., *placing key in lock*)

CATHERINE. (*advancing to* C.) Take care. . . . If you dare to pass that door, all is over between us forever!

LEFEBVRE. And between you and him, for I'll choke the life out of him.

CATHERINE. (*going to* LEFEBVRE) Joseph, for pity's sake!

LEFEBVRE. Will you—let go? (*exit into room* R. LEFEBVRE *throws* CATHERINE *off—she is caught by* VABONTRAIN *and passed over to* L.)

CATHERINE. You wretch!

VABONTRAIN. He'll kill him.

CATHERINE. And it'll be *your* fault. You cowards! Don't stop me. I *will* go in.

VABONTRAIN. Sans-Gene, you'd much better keep out of it.

CATHERINE. Let—me—go. I say.

LEFEBVRE *re-enters, throwing back a glance into the room, then shuts the door.*

JOLICŒUR. Well?

VABONTRAIN. Did you find any one?

LEFEBVRE. Find any one? That's a nice way to fool people! Why, there's no one in there.

ALL. No one? (LEFEBVRE, *locking the door to prevent them from going in, throws key on table*)

LEFEBVRE. Not a living soul.

RISSOUT. She's read you a lesson. Hope you'll profit by it.

VABONTRAIN. She took *me* in, curse me if she didn't.

JOLICŒUR. She took us *all* in. A nice mess you've made of it.

VABONTRAIN. You'd better try and get out of it.

LEFEBVRE. I'll try. Leave us alone for a bit. (*soldiers go up. To* CATHERINE) Why did you not tell me you had a dead man in there?

CATHERINE. (L.) Dead! Oh, is he dead?

LEFEBVRE. (L.) Yes!

CATHERINE. My God! Are you *sure?*

LEFEBVRE. Positive! No wonder either, with a bullet through his ribs.

CATHERINE. Poor fellow! I only hope it won't bring

us bad luck. I couldn't turn him out into the street. He could hardly crawl. What shall we do with him now?

LEFEBVRE. The only thing to do is to send him home.

CATHERINE. But I don't know where he liyed. All I know is that he said he was Count de Neipperg.

LEFEBVRE. Is that *all* you know of him?

CATHERINE. How should I know the man?

LEFEBVRE. Then why did you hide him?

CATHERINE. He came in as I was shutting up. He could hardly crawl—and when you all came ragin' after him like madmen, I thinks to myself, if they find him here while they're in that state o' mind, they'll finish him. So then—what are you staring at me like that for?

LEFEBVRE. I want to see if you're lying—or if it's really true you didn't know the man.

CATHERINE. I know him?

LEFEBVRE. After all, that wounded man who took shelter with you here *may* have been your lover.

CATHERINE. An Austrian!

LEFEBVRE. Hush! If they heard you?

CATHERINE. What does it matter, now that he's dead?

LEFEBVRE. Ah, but he's—not dead.

CATHERINE. Not dead? Then all you wanted—was——?

LEFEBVRE. To know the truth. And now I know it! Hush! Keep still. Take good care of him—at nightfall I'll come back—to help him to escape.

CATHERINE. Ah, my own Joseph. What a kind heart you have and how I love you!

LEFEBVRE. Then you are no longer angry with me?

CATHERINE. Say rather I adore you. (*Marseillaise* P. P.)

VABONTRAIN. Peace is restored. Bravo!

LEFEBVRE. So well restored that we're going to have the banns cried, eh, Catherine?

CATHERINE. Yes, yes. (*drums outside to the* R. VABONTRAIN *opens street door and looks to* R., *two of the guards open the shutters. The drum sounds nearer. The street is filled with neighbors, men and women*)

VABONTRAIN. At-ten-tion! There go the National Guards of our section to the riding school. Shall we join them?

ALL. Yes, yes.

LEFEBVRE. Good-bye then—till—to-night.

From R. *are coming National Guards and artillerymen, guns at shoulder arms, preceded by two drums—one of whom is* VINEGAR. *They pass through street singing "La Marseillaise." Chorus commences in wings, and when the words "Liberty, dear Liberty," are reached the singers are opposite the personages on the stage, who join in the song at those words. As the group passes before the street*

doors the four guards and LEFEBVRE *join the group of soldiers and exit with them* L., *followed by all the neighbors, who cheer them.* CATHERINE *goes up to see them pass as the curtain falls.*

CURTAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Palace of Compiegne, September*, 1811.

DISCOVERED.—TULIP *in grand livery, powdered, at back.*

(*See all doors attended.*)

VALET *enters from door* R. C.

VALET. Monsieur Tulip.
TULIP. Well?
VALET. Monsieur Despreaux is here.

Enter DESPREAUX, R. C.

TULIP. Admit him.
DESPREAUX. (*to* TULIP) Her Grace the Duchess of Dantzig is at home, is she not?
TULIP. Yes, Monsieur Despreaux. (*to the* VALET, *who crosses and exits at door* L. 2) Inform Her Grace. (*to* DESPREAUX, *who bows: they come down together*) I had the honor of knowing Monsieur in the good old times, at Versailles!—when Monsieur was ballet-master at the opera.
DESPREAUX. (*taking seat on* R. *chair*) Indeed! Well now, I am professor of dancing and deportment to the pages of Her Majesty the Empress Marie Louise, and I am here at the command of Her Grace the Duchess.
TULIP. Her Grace is at present in the hands of her hairdresser, but she will be with you in a few moments.
DESPREAUX. (*seated*) What can she want with me at an hour when every one is at dinner?
TULIP. I can tell you. General Ordener, the commander of the palace, has had a sudden attack of gout—very awkward, too, on the eve of the celebration in honor of the return of the Grand Duke of Wurtzbourg. There are to be hunts, grand dinners, performances of comedy, opera, ballet and so forth. The Emperor has appointed Marshal Lefebvre to fill the General's place. Fortunately, he had just arrived with his wife. As a reception had already been planned for this evening, His Majesty has decided that it shall be held in the Marshal's apartments. You see what a state

we are in ; we have had to get everything ready in a moment—dresses, attendance, refreshments, lights !

DESPREAUX. I see. The Duchess desires to consult me about the ball.

TULIP. No ! No ! There will be no ball. Merely a reception to precede the one which the Empress is to hold later in the evening. And between you and me, Monsieur, it is just as well that the Duchess is not called upon to preside at a ball, for, you see, (*approaches* DESPREAUX *and lowers voice*) her knowledge of dancing does not extend beyond the fricassee and vulgar jigs of that sort ; and as for her deportment ! (*laughs*)

DESPREAUX. (*smiling*) I am well acquainted with it.

TULIP. (*laughing*) And her language !

DESPREAUX. Don't mention it. It is highly relished by the ladies of the Court ! Before the Revolution, she kept a shop, I believe ?

TULIP. Yes, in the Rue Sainte Anne—she was afterwards a vivandiere in the Army of the Rhine, whither she had followed her husband. At that time he was plain Sergeant Lefebvre.

DESPREAUX. He was made a General though.

TULIP. And then a Marshal !

DESPREAUX. And finally Duke of Dantzig ! But he has earned his rank and dignities.

TULIP. (*with disdain*) Oh ! yes—but after all his is only the mushroom nobility of the Empire. Duke of Dantzig !—So suggestive of—liquor. Ah, well, he's just as noble as some others. Look at Savary, Duke of Rovigo !—And Fouche, whom the Emperor has made not only collector of the gambling-tax, but also Duke of Otranto. Bah ! You and I have had the honor of belonging to the old nobility !

DESPREAUX. Ah ! Then you were—— ?

TULIP. (*proudly*) Stable boy to His Grace the Duke of Pontlievre. (*a slight complimentary bow from* DESPREAUX) You cannot improvise a nobility, Monsieur Despreaux) What is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh. Hence, Her Grace the Duchess of Dantzig is still the washerwoman of the Rue St. Anne, who, so they do say, saved Monsieur de Neipperg's life on that memorable tenth of August, by hiding him in a basket of dirty linen !

DESPREAUX. Then that accounts for Monsieur de Neipperg's being such an intimate friend of the household ?

TULIP. Nothing less than that could have induced him to frequent such common people, for Monsieur de Neipperg has the bluest of blue blood in his veins.

DESPREAUX. (*rising, confidentially*) Between ourselves, I thought that the—rather—him—vulgar charms of the lady of the house were the attraction.

TULIP. (*shrugging his shoulders*) Not at all, my dear Monsieur, not even that! Conjugal fidelity is one of the Duchess's many absurdities. So middle class! Why! they have not even separate apartments!

DESPREAUX. (*smiling*) You don't say so!

TULIP. Fact, I assure you! Isn't it ridiculous? (*door* L. *opens*)

DESPREAUX. Softly! Here she comes.

CATHERINE *enters from* L., *dressed in a plain petticoat and silk morning jacket, followed by lady-in-waiting.*

CATHERINE. (C.) Good evening, Monsieur Despreaux! Awfully good of you to put yourself out for me at this time o' night!

DESPREAUX. (R. C., *with a profound bow*) Your Grace?

CATHERINE. And how's things?—all right?

DESPREAUX. Thank heaven, yes, your Grace.

CATHERINE. I say, wasn't it you married Mamzelle Guimard?

DESPREAUX. (*with a movement of assent*) Did your Grace know her?

CATHERINE. I should say so! Lord! what fine underclothes she did wear! (*turning to* TULIP) Oh, just run round to that shoemaker and ask him what the devil he means by keeping me waiting all this time for those buskins?

TULIP. (R. C.) Might I venture to observe to your Grace, that I shall have some difficulty in finding him so late as this?

CATHERINE. Oh, indeed! I wonder some of those fine words of yours don't choke you.

TULIP. I merely wished to convey to your Grace that——

CATHERINE. That you'd have to stir yourself. Oh yes, I understand. Trot along now! Go on—faster, faster! (*exit* TULIP. R. C. *To herself*) I can't bear that powdered monkey! (*in chair* C. *To* DESPREAUX) Now, Monsieur Despreaux, let's get to work! I'm in an awful mess. There's a lot of Princesses and Highnesses and Duchesses coming here by and bye! If they were all of my sort, you see, I'd buy 'em some roast chestnuts and pancakes and get up a game of hunt-the-slipper on the floor. That would be jolly! But that wouldn't do for them, you know. They're too grand. Butter wouldn't melt in their mouths. They can't even say "how-d'ye-do" without screwing up their lips and wriggling their bodies about! So as I've got to put on so much style with them, I says to myself, I'll send for Monsieur Des-

preaux and he'll set me right. He knows all about these monkey-shines!

DESPREAUX! Only too happy, your Grace. (*aside*) Monkey-shines! (*he moves up* R. *Business*)

VALET *enters from door* L. C.

VALET. Your Grace!

CATHERINE. What is it now?

VALET. Monsieur Leroy, costumier to the Empress, is here, and also Monsieur Cop!

CATHERINE. (*rising, interrupting him. Motions to waiting woman*) Oh, it's the cobbler, is it? And that jackass of a Tulip hunting all over the place for him! (*enter* LEROY *and* COP, *followed by* LEROY'S *assistant. They remain in door* L. C. *till* CATHERINE *says*) Come on in. (*then they advance into room bowing very low*) Oh! for heaven's sake, that's enough. you'll break your backs. (*to* COP) Well, you've got them buskins at last, have you?

COP. Yes, your Grace. (*going down to chair* L. *corner*)

CATHERINE. (*to* LEROY) And how about my ridin' dress for to-morrow? (DESPREAUX *goes to chair* R.)

LEROY. (R. C., *pointing to his assistant*) I have it here, your Grace.

CATHERINE. Well, that's off my mind!

The lady-in-waiting re-enters followed by a chambermaid carrying a small wooden foot rest, which she places in front of CATHERINE.

LEROY. Shall we pass into your Grace's boudoir?

CATHERINE. Ain't we just as well here?

LEROY. But, your Grace——

CATHERINE. Oh! it's all in a muddle there. And then we'll have more room here for the capers. (*pointing to* MONSIEUR DESPREAUX) Monsieur Despreaux is going to put me through. (*maid places stool.* LEROY *motions to his assistant, who places box on* C. *table and exits* L. C. *Movement of* DESPREAUX. *Seats herself in chair* L. *of table*)

DESPREAUX. (*aside*) Capers! (*sits in chair* R.)

CATHERINE. (*to* COP) Well, you've kept me waiting a fine time for these buskins.

COP. (*kneeling in front of* CATHERINE *putting on shoes*) May it please your Grace to excuse me? We have been overwhelmed with orders. All the ladies who are here to attend the fêtes in honor of the Grand Duke of Wurtzbourg want to be served at once! Now there's the Duchess of Otranto!

CATHERINE. Ah! then Fouche's here?

COP. Yes, much to every one's surprise. He was sup-

posed to have been in disgrace since the Emperor took the office of Minister of Police from him and gave it to the Duke of Rovigo.

CATHERINE. Bless you! If they knew Fouche as well as I do, they wouldn't be alarmed on his account! That man always falls on his feet. Eh! Eh! (*to* COP) Those ribbons are quite high enough already. You're not going any higher, are you?

COP. (*getting off his knees*) I have done, your Grace. (*chambermaid takes foot rest and* COP'S *box into room* L. 2, *and reappears immediately with hand-glass, taking position at back*)

CATHERINE. (*standing, stamping foot*) Hope they're stronger than the last I had. I'd no sooner got 'em on than they split away all along the seam.

COP. (*seriously*) Your Grace must have walked in them.

CATHERINE. Why, you idiot! How would you have me walk, on my hands with my head down like an onion?

COP. What I mean is, your Grace must have lifted your feet in walking instead of gliding across the carpet like a goddess.

CATHERINE. (*mocking*) Mercy! Now I'm a goddess! What next I wonder? (*to* LEROY) I suppose I can try that ridin' habit with these things on?

LEROY. Certainly, your Grace.

CATHERINE. Well, then, I'll keep 'em on. (*to* COP) You can take yourself off now, but if they split, mind, you don't get paid.

COP. Your Grace!

CATHERINE. Oh, I mean it,—you don't get paid. Now then for your turn. (COP *bows respectfully and exits* L. C. *She turns to her women. She removes her dressing-gown and remains in morning jacket and petticoats, arms bare. Crossing in front of table to* R.)

LEROY. I think your Grace will be quite satisfied. I have cut the habit after the model adopted by the Empress. And this Spencer will fit even more perfectly than Her Majesty's, as I have not the satisfaction of trying it on Her Majesty myself.

CATHERINE. (*while they are dressing her*) How was that?

LEROY. The Emperor will allow none but her waiting-women to try on her dresses.

CATHERINE. Did you ever hear of such a jealous man? Afraid to have his wife seen in petticoats!

LEROY. (*stepping back to admire his work*) Perfect! The drapery falls harmoniously, the lines are noble!

CATHERINE. Don't you think it's a little short in the waist?

LEROY. Not at all, your Grace.

CATHERINE. It seems a little short in the waist and long in the hands. For mercy's sake! What's this? (*pointing to hat on table*) Have I got to wear it on my head? (*she puts the headdress on her head*)

LEROY. (*hastily*) No, no! Allow me! This way. (*he places the headdress in its right position and retires a step to admire the effect*) Nothing could be more becoming!

CATHERINE. That becoming? (*takes hand-glass from maid*) It is becoming, isn't it? I like that bow. There's one thing bothers me,—this old train is always in the way.

LEROY. But for riding, your Grace!

CATHERINE. I've had lots of ridin' in my time, and without a saddle too!—and I got along first-rate without this thing-a-me-jig! (*to* DESPREAUX) Now, Mister Dancing-master, isn't it about time we began our performance?

DESPREAUX. (*rising*) At your orders, your Grace! First the curtsey.

CATHERINE. Look at this now. (*curtseys*) How was that?

DESPREAUX. Very good, but just a little too stiff! Not sufficient abandon, Duchess! Not willowy enough! Pray observe me. First I bend the knee . . . so . . . gracefully bringing the full weight of the body on the left leg . . . thus . . . then I plunge! . . . with suppleness. . . . Plunge! . . . that's right! . . . Once more! . . . Plunge! . . . Plunge!

CATHERINE. Oh! that's enough plunging for once! Before I know where I am, I'll be plunging on my nose!

DESPREAUX. Not at all! It was perfect!

CATHERINE. That ain't what's bothering me most! It's that beastly court mantle. I'm sure I'll get my legs all tangled up in it!

DESPREAUX. If your Grace will kindly practise with the train of her riding habit, it amounts to the same . . . and all that is necessary is a slight kick, backward and upward, thus. Observe, one, two, three! . . . up! (*repeat. As he turns he gives the kick as if kicking the train out of his way*) It's so natural! . . . and easy.

CATHERINE. Easy. You're very clever, ain't you? . . . Any fool could do that . . . *without petticoats!* . . . if you had this on you might talk about it's being easy.

DESPREAUX. Will your Grace kindly give me her hand . . . and at the signal, we will go through the movements together. (*he takes* CATHERINE'S *hand and walks with her, turning and kicking at each "Up." She imitates him*) The left foot, please.

CATHERINE. All right!

DESPREAUX. No, that's the right foot, your Grace!

CATHERINE. Why! so it is. I never could tell my left foot from my right.

DESPREAUX. Now! Don't be nervous! One!—two!—three!—Up! (CATHERINE *goes through the movement with* DESPREAUX; *she makes the kick and gets tangled in the train.* LEROY *assists her to untangle herself*) We'll make another effort. No emotion, pray—the left foot, remember, the left foot. One—two—three—up!—Why, excellent! Excellent, your Grace! One would think you'd done nothing else all your life! (*a little murmur of approbation from all*)

CATHERINE. (*satisfied*) And I don't look like a goose, eh?—Now tell me if I do!

DESPREAUX. I appeal to Monsieur Leroy,—to these ladies!

LEROY. Oh! no, certainly not!

CATHERINE. Then off with all this. (*she throws the headdress on the table and one of the women commences to take off her riding habit*)

DESPREAUX. Has Her Grace any further need of my advice?

CATHERINE. No, much obliged, Monsieur Despreaux. Hope to see you again soon, and remember me to the old woman.

DESPREAUX. (*bowing*) You do us too much honor, your Grace. (*exit* R. C.)

LEROY. Has Her Grace any suggestions to make with regard to her court dress?

CATHERINE. It's pretty.

LEROY. If I might suggest to your Grace, there is nothing becomes a lady so well as the antique.

CATHERINE. Yes! when they're not antique themselves. Good-night, Monsieur Leroy.

LEROY. Your Grace! (*exit* L. C. *As* LEROY *exits a valet appears in the rear drawing-room and stations himself at* R. *back*)

CATHERINE. Ah! here comes the Marshal! (*to the waiting woman, and putting on her dressing-gown again*) Take all this to my room. (*the waiting woman exits* L. *with the hat, riding habit, etc.* LEFEBVRE *enters from* R. *at* B. *The valet closes both* B. *doors and exits* L. CATHERINE, L., *tying belt of her dressing-gown*) Just think! They won't let poor Leroy try on! Oh! you'll die of laughing.

LEFEBVRE. (R. C. *Brusquely; puts his hat on the table*) It'll have to be very funny to make me laugh!

CATHERINE. (L. C. *Looking at him surprised*) Oh, what a face! What's the matter with you—where have you been?

LEFEBVRE. (*comes down two steps, taking off his gloves*)

I have just been dining along with the Emperor in his study.

CATHERINE. And is that what makes you look so glum?

LEFEBVRE. (*takes off his gloves and goes up to chimney*) Well, that's one thing. That man has such an extraordinary way of eating! You should see him! He swallows anything he sees on the table just as the fancy strikes him; jam on top of soup, chocolate creams after fried fish, and cheese with peas! All in about ten minutes. One, two, down she goes! I scalded myself with the soup, choked myself with a fish bone—and I'm dying with hunger! That's the kind of dinner I had! (CATHERINE *bursts out laughing*) Very funny, isn't it?

CATHERINE. Why, yes.

LEFEBVRE. (*coming down before table*) Well, maybe what came next won't amuse you quite so much, for it wasn't just to treat me that the Emperor invited me to his table! It was to speak of you!

CATHERINE. Of me?

LEFEBVRE. He talked of nothing else!

CATHERINE. Very flattering, I'm sure. What had he to say about me, pray?

LEFEBVRE. He doesn't like your manners.

CATHERINE. (*still in same place*) What manners?

LEFEBVRE. Why, these manners. Thunder! Here I come in and find you in the drawing-room in petticoats with a lot of tradesmen round you! Do you call that decent?

CATHERINE. (*approaching him*) I was trying on!

LEFEBVRE. And your arms and shoulders bare!

CATHERINE. Just wait till I get my full dress on, they'll be a lot more bare.

LEFEBVRE. Oh! in society, it's different. Those fellows were all grinning at you when they left.

CATHERINE. I don't care if they were.

LEFEBVRE. Well, I do! We have a certain position, a decorum, as the Emperor says, to maintain! And as for your language! . . . Are you a Duchess or not? . . . Damnation! thunder and stars of heaven! why the devil can't you adopt the language of the Court?

CATHERINE. (*laughing*) After you—if there is any left.

LEFEBVRE. (*crosses* R. C.) Oh! I'm a soldier, and all true soldiers swear! The Emperor didn't make any bones about swearing, or kicking things right and left either!

CATHERINE. (*seated* L. *of* C. *table*) Well, what had he got to say?

LEFEBVRE. (R.—*up back of table*) I'll tell you what he said: "Your wife's tongue wags too much. It must be checked. It's scandalous; she's a common laughing-stock. That's what comes of a sergeant's marrying when he carries the baton of a Marshal of France in his knapsack."

"Luckily," he added, "the remedy's at hand!—divorce! (*crossing at back to* L.)

CATHERINE. (*startled*) What—what was that?

LEFEBVRE. (*continuing*) "Of course," said he, "it is not necessary to tell you that Madame Lefebvre will be treated with every consideration. She will retain your estates at Combault- and, in addition, she will have a handsome allowance made her. Go and talk it over with her at once, and let everything be settled within a fortnight!" *crossing at back to* R.)

CATHERINE. (*still startled*) He said that—just like that?

LEFEBVRE. Just as coolly as he might have said: "To horse and forward."

CATHERINE. (*down to* R. C., *facing and anxiously watching him*) Ah! and what did you answer?

LEFEBVRE. What would you have answered?

CATHERINE. I?

LEFEBVRE. Yes, you! . . . If he had spoken to you of this divorce and offered you the chateau, the settlement and so forth, what would you have said?

CATHERINE. (*standing and speaking with much emotion*) I'd have said: "Keep your chateau and your money, I don't want 'em. I have my Lefebvre and I'll keep him! When a woman has loved a man when he was poor, when she's struggled through thick and thin with him for years, risked her life by his side, cried over his first wound and shouted over his first victory, she's not to be torn from him like that! . . . We've been through all this . . . together . . . and it has made us one heart, one blood, and one flesh! . . . You may cut that flesh in two, but the pieces will come together of themselves!" . . . And that's what I'd have said to your Emperor! . . . and what you'd have said if you'd had one little bit of heart.

LEFEBVRE. (*still surly*) And, as I have a little bit of heart, that's just what I did say.

CATHERINE. (*joyfully*) You did? You did? Why, of course you did. I knew you'd say that. Oh, you wretch! to frighten your Catherine that way! (*throws her arms around his neck*)

LEFEBVRE. (*kissing her*) You goose, as if I'd have given him any other answer.

CATHERINE. (*clinging to him*) So, you did tell him that! Ah, you did well. You dear, good fellow. (*kissing him*) And what then? Tell me all about it. What then?

LEFEBVRE. (*seated* C.) Well, then, as you may suppose, the governor wasn't pleased!

CATHERINE, (*seated, joyfully*, L. C.) Ha! ha! I should say not! And then?

LEFEBVRE. Well, as he insisted on my talking to you about it. I said, "Faith, your Majesty, I must beg you to excuse me. Catherine would scratch my eyes out!"

CATHERINE. I was thinking of doing it.

LEFEBVRE. To which he answered, throwing his snuff-box on the table, "Well, then, I will speak to Catherine!—this very evening. She won't scratch my eyes out!"

CATHERINE. I'm not so sure of that.

LEFEBVRE. Then he dismissed me and here I am! You can make up your mind he'll send for you this evening or to-morrow—to talk about this divorce!

CATHERINE. Well! he'd better look out!—He's made a nice success of divorce, hasn't he? That was a fine idea of his to marry "The Daughter of the Cæsars," as he calls her! Oh yes! She dotes on him, and us, too, doesn't she? Over the left. What would an Austrian woman like her have known of France if it hadn't been for the killing of her aunt, Marie Antoinette! . . . And the Emperor himself; would she ever have know him, only for the fine trouncings he gave her Imperial papa?

LEFEBVRE. I shouldn't be surprised if she was setting the Emperor against you!

CATHERINE. Oh no! 'tain't her! More likely it's the Emperor's sisters the Bacciochi and the Murat women. Those two old cats never could forgive my standing up for poor Josephine. They made the poor soul's life unbearable! The nasty, mean things; when they're not fighting with each other, they're squabbling to see which can grab the most, for her husband or her lover! The blockheads! (*rising*) If it wasn't for the Emperor they'd both be on their old island still, darning socks, and living on water and dried peas. And such airs! Why, to hear them, you'd think they'd dropped from heaven and had a right to trample on us all! What do you think! When that Bacciochi woman was talking to the Rovigo one day, my dear, she had the cheek to say that "The Emperor was wrong to make a Duchess out of a creature whom every one had seen washing chemises!" "Not hers, at any rate," said I to Mme. Rovigo, "for in those days she hadn't any." (*going up* L.)

LEFEBVRE. You said that to Madame de Rovigo?

CATHERINE. (*coming down*) Oh no! of course not. I was afraid!

LEFEBVRE. Well, then, you can make up your mind she lost no time in telling it to the Princess.

CATHERINE. (*coming down to front*) That's just why I said it!

LEFEBVRE. Then we needn't look any further—that's where the trouble started.

CATHERINE. Don't I keep on telling you, they're trying to get back at me . . . and now they think we're as good as divorced! (*down* L.)

LEFEBVRE. I shouldn't be surprised! The Emperor has already found for me another wife.

CATHERINE. (L.) My successor!

LEFEBVRE. (*laughing*) Yes.

CATHERINE. Oh! indeed! And who is she? (*in chair* C.) Tell me who she is.

LEFEBVRE. No, no, I won't tell you. You'd play some trick on her.

CATHERINE. I won't—'pon my word.

LEFEBVRE. Oh! I know you!

CATHERINE. No, no! I won't do a thing to her! Come, my dear darling little Joseph, you will tell me, won't you? Now be nice and tell me?

LEFEBVRE. Guess! (*slaps his face*)

CATHERINE. Do I know her?

LEFEBVRE. Only since you've been here!

CATHERINE. Pretty?

LEFEBVRE. (*laughing*) Oh! thunder, no! And fat.

CATHERINE. (*laughing*) Fat! Serves you right, you rogue! That'll teach you. But she's stylish, I hope?

LEFEBVRE. Oh! as for that, yes! A Princess!

CATHERINE. Phew! (*whistle*) Then she can't be a Frenchwoman!

LEFEBVRE. No! a Saxon.

CATHERINE. And fat, you say. Why it's the Saxe-Teschen!

LEFEBVRE. No other!

CATHERINE. That beer barrel! (*laughing boisterously*) Poor old chap! Just think of you with that mountain of flesh on your hands! And your taste running all the other way.

LEFEBVRE. S-r-r-r—don't talk about it!

CATHERINE. Well, I'd 'a' played a good joke on you both! On your wedding night!

LEFEBVRE. (*anxious*) No games, Catherine, I've told you all!

CATHERINE. Wouldn't I have opened her eyes! No, I wouldn't neither! She'd have seen it for herself.

LEFEBVRE. (*anxious*) Seen what?

CATHERINE. (*imitating him, gaily*) What! what! what's tatooed on that arm. "Death to tyrants!"

LEFEBVRE. The devil!

CATHERINE. And on the other! "Sans-Gene for life!" Hey! Wouldn't you have looked sheepish, you and your Princess! (*rising*) Ah! ah! my dear, that's where I've got you by both arms and for life. (*with her arms round his neck*) Do you hear, you wretch! For life! For life!

LEFEBVRE. (*smothering*) But you're squeezing the life out of me!

CATHERINE. (*standing*) Say that you love your Sans-Gene, quick, quick! or I'll strangle you!

LEFEBVRE. I——

CATHERINE. (*releasing him*) Say that you love her just as she is! Bad manners and all.

LEFEBVRE. Oh! as for that——

CATHERINE. And in just a waist and petticoat!

LEFEBVRE. Even without them!

CATHERINE. (*throwing herself in his lap*) All right then! I'll forgive you!

Enter TULIP *from* B. R. C., *sees them in this attitude and makes an indignant gesture, then he coughs with affectation, remaining at door.* CATHERINE *rises, rapidly.*

CATHERINE. (*rising and crossing to* L. *Hastily*) Oh, mercy! We must behave ourselves now!—Tulip's here.

TULIP. (*majestically*) Count Neipperg begs to know if your Grace could see him for a moment.

CATHERINE. Him?—why, certainly, show him in.

TULIP. (*shocked, to himself*) In a waist!—in petticoats!

CATHERINE. (L.—*rearranging her dressing-gown*) I don't stand on ceremony with him!

LEFEBVRE. What brings him here at this hour, I wonder? (TULIP *admits* NEIPPERG, R. C., *and exits, closing the door.* CATHERINE, LEFEBVRE, NEIPPERG *in the uniform of an Austrian Field Marshal*)

LEFEBVRE. (*going up* R. C.) Come in, my dear Neipperg.

NEIPPERG. My dear Marshal!

CATHERINE. (*up* L. C., *giving him her hand*) You'll excuse my appearance; there's no ceremony between us, eh?

NEIPPERG. (L. C. *Seriously, and kissing her hand*) I know I am with true friends. That's why I've called so late without warning—to bid you farewell! (*hat and gloves on table* C.)

LEFEBVRE *and* CATHERINE. Farewell?

NEIPPERG. Alas! yes, I am compelled to leave this evening—nay, this instant.

LEFEBVRE *and* CATHERINE. (*coming down* R.) Compelled?

NEIPPERG. Compelled. And one of the greatest sorrows connected with my departure is the loss of your loyal friendship. I had grown to value it. Your door was ever open to me. Your home had almost come to seem my home. Now we must part—forever.

CATHERINE. Forever?

NEIPPERG. I shall never return to France.

CATHERINE. (*goes to chair* L.) Is it possible?

LEFEBVRE. And why? (*motioning to chair* L. *of table. Both sit*)

NEIPPERG. The Duke of Rovigo has just handed me the Emperor's order to leave the chateau before nightfall, to cross the frontier without delay and by the shortest route. Once out of France, I am forbidden to return.

CATHERINE. But what for—what for?

LEFEBVRE. What has the Emperor to reproach you with?

NEIPPERG. My motto covers all my crimes: I have been "faithful!" I have been faithful since I first put on this sword—faithful to my name, faithful to my country! Yet in war as in diplomacy, I have known nothing but the bitterness of defeat! I gloried in the friendship of the unfortunate Duke of Enghien. Napoleon will never forgive that! The day upon which his marriage with the Archduchess was decided, there was submitted to his inspection a list of the officers who had been chosen to escort Marie Louise into France. With one stroke of the pen, more brutal than a blow in the face, he scratched out my name. In short, he hates me! And this hate of his has seized upon the pretext furnished by his police, who have informed him of a certain love affair of mine—here—in the palace.

CATHERINE. Oh, that's it, is it?

NEIPPERG. Of course I couldn't talk to you about it.

LEFEBVRE. My dear Count, you know very well how strict the Emperor is on that point.

CATHERINE. Especially since his second marriage. But if he's only looking for a . . . pretext as you call it?

NEIPPERG. If the pretext were only plausible.

LEFEBVRE. Plausible or not, my dear Count, you know that even Monsieur de Metternich's influence——

NEIPPERG. (*rising and drawing forth a pocket-book*) I have not solicited his influence, and am resigned to my exile. Here is my passport, which you will please sign, my dear Marshal. I understand you are to-day in command at the palace. (*he hands* LEFEBVRE *a paper, who has also risen*)

LEFEBVRE. I am.

NEIPPERG. Lose no time, I beg of you. Minutes are precious. (*crosses* R.)

LEFEBVRE. (*at door* R. 2. *Shaking his hand*) I'll have them stamped at General Ordener's and bring them back to you at once. (*exit* R. 2)

CATHERINE. (*in chair* L. *of table*) Now then! quick! Let's talk things over like comrades. Shall we?

NEIPPERG. Always glad to talk with you. (*advancing to table*)

CATHERINE. Tell me all about it—was it only a flirtation?

NEIPPERG. (*turning away slightly*) That was all.

CATHERINE. No tricks, now! If it's nothing more than that, why do you look so sad?

NEIPPERG. Pardon me.

CATHERINE. (*hurriedly*) Oh, I don't want to know your secret—nor her name neither. It's all one to me. But I won't let you make a fool of yourself, if I can help it. I can see you've got some wild scheme in your head.

NEIPPERG. Absurd, my dear Duchess. (*hand on table*)

CATHERINE. Are you really going?

NEIPPERG. In a quarter of an hour. My travelling coach is in the courtyard waiting for me.

CATHERINE. And you're going like that, all of a jump, without trying to see her? (NEIPPERG *turns away*) Come now, I'm an old friend, you can trust me!

NEIPPERG. (*lowering his voice*) Well, then, no! I am not going!

CATHERINE. I'd have sworn it!

NEIPPERG. (*sits* R. *of table*) But you'll let this go no further! Not a word to the Marshal. In view of his official position the knowledge of my secret would only embarrass him! *Your* friendship for me is unfettered; it would have been an insult to that friendship to refuse you a frank answer to your question.

CATHERINE. That's the way to talk! (*on seat front of table*) Go on!

NEIPPERG. As you have guessed, it is not a matter of a mere passing flirtation, which leaves the heart free. The sad romance of my whole life is at stake. This woman from whom they are about to part me for the second time, I have known from childhood. I have loved her ever since my eyes first looked on her. Our families were of unequal—most unequal rank. But they had long been united by mutual services and by the bonds of affection, of loyalty and of gratitude. We had cherished the fond hope that we were destined for each other, till the day came which so rudely undeceived us.

CATHERINE. She married some one else?

NEIPPERG. Yes.

CATHERINE. And followed him to France?

NEIPPERG. Yes. (*pause*) to France.

CATHERINE. (*approaching him and lowering her voice*) Is it . . . Madame de Metternich?

NEIPPERG. (*quickly*) No, no! What an idea!

CATHERINE. (*in the same low voice*) It's not Madame d'Esterhazy.

NEIPPERG. (*smiling sadly*) I thought you didn't care to know her name?

CATHERINE. That's true, you are right! But of course I don't want you to tell me; I shouldn't be a woman if I wasn't dying to find out, all the same. Never mind—you followed her to Paris, I suppose, and met her again?

NEIPPERG. Very seldom, and she was never alone! They don't let her out of their sight. Within the last month I have only been able to exchange a few hurried words with her.

CATHERINE. My goodness! she must have an awfully jealous husband! And he's right! . . . and it's through him you are being turned out of France?

NEIPPERG. Yes, there was an angry scene between them this afternoon.

CATHERINE. Are you sure of that?

NEIPPERG. She told me so herself! Just before the concert began, she found an opportunity of whispering to me: "A dreadful scene . . . on your account. . . . Don't go without seeing me." She was pale and trembling!

CATHERINE. (*anxiously*) But where will you see her? . . . At her house?

NEIPPERG. That is impossible at this hour. . . . No, this is what I am going to do. . . . I shall set out by the Soissons road, but, when about a mile from the chateau, I shall leave the carriage, which will await my return; hurry back on foot through the forest and the park to the palace, where I shall conceal myself in the apartments of one of her women. She has been in the lady's service for years, and is devoted to her.

CATHERINE. And you'll all be nicely caught, like rats in a trap, the devoted servant, you and . . . she.

NEIPPERG. Why? . . . If we are prudent?

CATHERINE. But you're not. I never heard of such a crazy idea.

NEIPPERG. Can I break an appointment with her?

CATHERINE. Oh! bother your appointment! To begin with, you haven't got any appointment. (NEIPPERG *starts*) That's all stuff and nonsense! . . . She wasn't fool enough to tell you to come to the palace to-night and go gallivanting round the place for every one to see you! . . . She knew you were going . . . that's all. But most likely, she thought it was to morrow, so that she'd have another chance of talking together in broad daylight, without running any risk. And supposing she does expect you to-night. Don't you think it would be better to let her cool her heels waiting for you, than to get caught in her room at that time of night?

NEIPPERG. My dear Duchess, you are talking to a man who adores her, and who may never see her again!

CATHERINE. I'm talking to an honorable man, who's got the right to ruin himself for her sake. if he chooses, but not to let her ruin herself, on his account! . . . That's all! Don't—don't—do that, my friend! You won't gain anything by it. It's no use, it's foolish, it isn't honest!

NEIPPERG. Honest?

CATHERINE. Yes, on my word it isn't honest.

NEIPPERG. (*after a pause, and as if decided*) My excellent friend, I see you're anxious.

CATHERINE. I am!

NEIPPERG. Then I suppose I must reassure you.

CATHERINE. Yes!

NEIPPERG. And promise that I will renounce this folly, as you think it?

CATHERINE. Promise . . . and keep your promise!

NEIPPERG. (*rising*) And keep my promise!

CATHERINE. Have I your word? . . . Tell me, have I your word?

NEIPPERG. You have my word.

CATHERINE (*rising*) You will go, and you won't come back.

NEIPPERG. And I will not come back.

CATHERINE. That's right! . . . (CATHERINE *offers her right hand to* NEIPPERG; *he kisses it*) Lord, how glad I am I've got your promise! Why, I shouldn't have slept a wink all night! (*crosses to* L.)

Re-enter LEFEBVRE, R. 2.

LEFEBVRE. Here are all your papers in order, my dear Neipperg. I never thought that it would be my painful duty to sign your passports. (*he hands him the papers*)

NEIPPERG. (*placing them in the pocket-book*) Thank you, my dear Marshal.

LEFEBVRE. I need not tell you that our hearts go with you, and that we shall hope to hear from you on your arrival in Vienna. As to the letters which you may write to those whom you leave behind, be careful . . . Savary's agents are wonderfully clever at breaking and mending seals.

NEIPPERG. (*crossing to* L. C.) I am aware of it.

Enter TULIP, R. C.

TULIP. (*at* R.) His Grace the Duke of Otranto. (NEIPPERG *goes up* L. C.)

CATHERINE. (L.) Fouche! . . . mum's the word.

FOUCHE *enters* R. C.

LEFEBVRE. (*going up to meet him*) My dear Duke . . .

FOUCHE. My dear Marshal . . . Duchess. (LEFEBVRE *joins* NEIPPERG *up* C.)

CATHERINE. (*showing her toilette*) You'll excuse me?

FOUCHE. (*coming down* R. C. *Gallantly*) It is I who should beg to be excused—for calling so unexpectedly. Oh! Monsieur de Neipperg! I thought you had left us!

CATHERINE. What! You knew that?

FOUCHE. Force of habit . . . I know everything.

NEIPPERG. (*up* L. *Anxiously*) Everything!

FOUCHE. But I tell nothing! . . . In that I differ from Savary, my successor, who knows nothing but tells everything! . . . (R. *corner*)

NEIPPERG. And now . . . farewell! my dear, true friends. (*to* CATHERINE, *who has gone up to him* L. C.) Will you allow me?

CATHERINE. (*presenting her cheeks*) Well, I should say so! (NEIPPERG *kisses her*)

LEFEBVRE. (*moved, shaking his hands*) Not farewell!—we shall meet again. I hope!

NEIPPERG. (*moved*) Ah! who can say when or where we shall next meet! (*bowing to* FOUCHE) Duke! (*exit* NEIPPERG, R. C., *followed by* LEFEBVRE. *Door* R. *remains open*)

FOUCHE. (*bowing*) Pleasant journey, Count! (*to himself*) And a quick return!

CATHERINE. (*sits in chair up* L. *of table, drying her eyes*) Poor Neipperg! he was so fond of us! And now—and now—he's gone for good!

FOUCHE. (R. *of table—gaily*) Bah! who knows?—After '89, we shouldn't be surprised at anything! Take our own case—I never see you, Duchess, without recalling your prophecy—"You'll be a minister when I'm a duchess." You are a duchess, and I have been a minister!—I'll be a minister again, too. In fact, that's what I'm here for.

LEFEBVRE. (*re-entering from door* R. C.—*coming down again* L.) Come, madame, time's flying, make haste and dress.

FOUCHE. I can announce the visit of their Imperial Highnesses!

LEFEBVRE. (*to* CATHERINE) You hear?

CATHERINE. Oh! them!—I'm in no humor to smirk and smile for their amusement.

LEFEBVRE. Come, my dear. Please do make haste.

CATHERINE. Oh, dear, such a devilish nuisance. (*she exits at* L. 2. LEFEBVRE *comes to the table, takes his gloves and commences to put them on.* TULIP *has left the room leaving the* L. *door open*)

FOUCHE. (R. C.) She's plain spoken, but she's quite right. By the bye, I've come early in order to warn you against a little conspiracy!

LEFEBVRE. (L. C.) Against whom?

FOUCHE. The Duchess! His Majesty's sisters have a grudge against her. They've determined to pay her back for that smart speech of hers.

LEFEBVRE. Ah! about the chemises?

FOUCHE. Exactly! Their sole object in coming here this evening is to exasperate her with their sarcasms and to worry her into making some remark which will create a scandal and hasten her departure from Court. Beg the Duchess to be particularly careful not to tell a certain anecdote which they will try to drag out of her—the one about the floor polisher who had stolen a diamond from her and whom she had stripped and searched in her presence.

LEFEBVRE. Thank you—I'll be on the lookout. But you don't really think that in my house and in my presence they will dare?

FOUCHE. They will dare anything. They feel sure of not being rebuked by the Emperor, whose one object just now is your divorce.

LEFEBVRE. And on which subject he has already sufficiently entertained me.

FOUCHE. (*in chair* C.) I know. This evening, at his table. You see, my dear Lefebvre, the great man has a mania for marrying and unmarrying people without consulting them. Even in his own family. Did he not set the example himself by divorcing Josephine and taking a second wife who is not half as good as the first one?

LEFEBVRE. And in spite of you, my dear Fouche, you were strongly opposed to that Austrian alliance——

FOUCHE. (*taking out his snuff-box*) That was the cause of my downfall, the new Empress could not forgive me. (*he takes a pinch of snuff*)

LEFEBVRE. But what I can't understand is that you should know what transpired between the Emperor and myself at dinner, when no third party was present.

FOUCHE. Easy enough. The palace is full of—observers.

LEFEBVRE. Even the Emperor's apartments?

FOUCHE. They're everywhere.

LEFEBVRE. Not here surely?

FOUCHE. Sweet simplicity! There will be at least two of them here by and bye, one in the ante-chamber, the other in this room.

LEFEBVRE. Do you know them?

FOUCHE. We're old acquaintances.

LEFEBVRE. If you'll only tell me who they are, I'll take great pleasure in having them kicked out.

FOUCHE. Oh! come now, my dear Lefebvre, we must respect professional secrets.

LEFEBVRE. (*smiling*) But as Savary knows everything he must have heard, that in exchange for the ministerial

office of which he has deprived you, you have taken his place in the good graces of beautiful Madame Savary.

FOUCHE. My deal fellow, you can judge the man when I tell you that he hasn't the faintest suspicion of it.

LEFEBVRE. (*rising*) But his spies?

FOUCHE. Are all devoted to me! (*rising, cross* R. *Two valets and* TULIP *appear at back* R. TULIP *opens door* L. C.)

LEFEBVRE. Well, well!

CANOUVILLE *enters from* R. C., *meets* LEFEBVRE, R. C., *two gentlemen of the Academy enter from* L. C. *and remain in* C. *at back. The first of the visitors appear at* B.

FOUCHE. Your guests are arriving.

LEFEBVRE. Already! And the Duchess not dressed yet! (*he goes up hurriedly* L.)

SCENE II.—*The same.* CANOUVILLE *in Hussar uniform; a Prefect of the Palace, an Officer of the Guides, the* CHEVLIER CORSO, *then successively and without interruption, singly or in groups,* ROVIGO, JUNOT, DUROC, FONTANES *as a Senator,* ARNAULT *and* RAYNOUARD *as members of the Institute, and Generals, Officers of the Guard of Chasseurs and of Hussars, and Civilians in Court dress.* MESDAMES DE ROVIGO, DE BASSANO, DE DELLUNE, DE MORTEMART, DE VINTIMILLE, DE TALHOUET, DE BRIGNOLLES, DE ALDOBRANDINI, DE CANISY, *etc., in full Court dress. All enter at* B., *go and come, are received by* LEFEBVRE*; they bow, make room for each other, forming groups, seated and standing, and during the whole scene there is a confused murmur of private conversations and stifled laughter.*

LEFEBVRE. (*going to* CANOUVILLE, *who is the first to enter*) Ah! . . . Canouville . . . this is a pleasant surprise! . . . Delighted to see you!

CANOUVILLE. You are too kind, Marshal . . . Duke! (*coming down* R.)

FOUCHE. It was reported that you were in Spain!

CANOUVILLE. I have just returned.

CORSO *enters* R. C., *goes to door* R. 2, *and looks off, then returns to* R. C. *and bows to* FOUCHE. LEFEBVRE *goes to meet the fresh arrivals, and from now on is busy receiving them, trying to be everywhere at once.* CANOUVILLE *remains alone with* FOUCHE. I offered my services as a messenger only to learn on my arrival——

FOUCHE. That Princess Borghese is at Guastalla by the Imperial Order——

CANOUVILLE. And I have ridden a thousand miles at breakneck speed to see her! Will you have the kindness to inform me in a few words how things stand at present

so that I may avoid making blunders? Junot is still the favorite of the Queen of Naples?

FOUCHE. Still! And the Princess Bacciochi is at present bestowing her smiles on Monsieur de Fontanes——

CANOUVILLE. The Grand Master——

FOUCHE. Of the University!

CANOUVILLE. Poor Eliza, what lectures she must have to swallow! (*he goes up to* B. L. *to some arrivals who shake his hand*)

FOUCHE. (*introducing the* CHEVALIER CORSO *to* LEFEBVRE) My dear Duke . . . the Chevalier Corso wishes to be introduced to you.

Enter LAURISTON *and* LADY, R. C.

LEFEBVRE. (*hurriedly*) Delighted!

CHEVALIER. (*Italian accent*) Excellenza! (LEFEBVRE *retreats, leaving them alone in front*)

FOUCHE. (R. C. *In a low voice*) Well, what about Neipperg?

CHEVALIER. (R. *Without accent, low voice*) He has left!

FOUCHE. (*low voice*) Watch for his return.

CHEVALIER. Yes, your Grace! (*bows, goes up and mingles with the groups*)

LAURISTON. (*coming down* R.) What, Duke? Are you back?

FOUCHE. (*shaking hands*) Why, yes . . . and Her Grace the Duchess of Abrantes?

LAURISTON. She is with the Empress.

FOUCHE. (*taking him familiarly by the arm*) A word of advice. Your carriage is seen very frequently at the door of the Queen of Naples. Adopt a livery of the same color as hers. At a distance people will think it is her own carriage waiting for her and they will have less to talk about.

LAURISTON. A good idea! Thanks! (*crosses to* L. *and up. They separate*)

LEFEBVRE. (*in dismay, coming down* L.) And no sign of the Duchess yet! (*exit* CORSO. R. C. *To* TULIP, *standing before* L. *door*) Tulip, inform the Duchess that I should like her to hurry. The guests are all arriving. Their Highnesses will be here before she will.

Enter SAVARY *and* MAD. DE SAVARY, L. C.

TULIP. Yes, your Grace. (*exit* L.)

LEFEBVRE. (*goes to greet the* DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF ROVIGO, *who come down* L. *He shakes the* DUKE'S *hand*) Ah! Savary. (*bowing*) Duchess!

MADAME S. We are early, I see!

Enter third lady from R. C., MAD. DE VINTIMILLE.

LEFEBVRE. (*embarrassed*) Yes, the fact is the Duchess——

SAVARY. But the Duke of Otranto was before us.

Enter MAD. DE BULOW, L. C., *followed by* MAD. DE TALHOUET *and* MAD. DE BASSANO. LEFEBVRE *goes up.*

FOUCHE. (*turning and bowing*) All a matter of habit. I was always before you. . . . We preceded each other . . . (*kissing* MADAME SAVARY'S *hand*) and we succeed each other! Such is life! (*goes over* L.)

LAURISTON (*in the centre with* CANOUVILLE, *and surrounded by officers*) Well, Canouville, are you reconciled to Spain? (MADAME DE CANISY *touches* FOUCHE *on the arm with her fan and beckons him down* C.)

CANOUVILLE. (*coming down to near sofa*, R.) Oh! not at all. The Spanish women won't even give you a kiss without burning candles in honor of all the saints in the calendar! Why, as for—— (*he continues in a low voice in the midst of laughter*)

MADAME DE CANISY. (*to* FOUCHE *up* L.) Ah! There you are at last. (*in a low voice, coming down* C. *with* FOUCHE) And my letters?

FOUCHE. (*low voice*) I have them.

MADAME DE CANISY. All?

FOUCHE. All!

MADAME DE CANISY. You are an angel! (*crossing to* R., *sits in chair* R. *of table*)

FOUCHE (C.) I will see you to-morrow.

MADAME DE VINTIMILLE. (*seated* L. *of table—indifferently*) How do you do?

FOUCHE. Ah! Charmed to see you! (TULIP *enters* L. 2, *goes to* LEFEBVRE *and speaks, then crosses to* R. C. *at back. Confidentially*) Be on your guard. . . . You are watched, day and night.

MADAME DE VINTIMILLE. (*haughtily*) I don't understand!

FOUCHE. (*quietly and confidentially—taking snuff*) Widows' Lane.

MADAME DE VINTIMILLE. (*startled*) Oh!

FOUCHE. (*still in the same tone*) No. 12.

MADAME DE VINTIMILLE. Oh! Now I understand. Thanks! Thanks!

FOUCHE. (*down* R. C., *to* LEFEBVRE) Well, where's the Duchess?

LEFEBVRE. (L. C.) Don't speak of her! She'll drive me mad. (*drawing* FOUCHE *by the arm to footlights and in a low voice*) By the way, have you seen that observer of Savary's yet—the one who's on duty here?

FOUCHE. Yes.

LEFEBVRE. Can it be that Southerner who's behind us grimacing and gesticulating ?

FOUCHE. (*laughing*) Oh, no ! That man has never observed anything.

LEFEBVRE. No ?

FOUCHE. Why, no, of course not ! That's Raynouard, the author of the "Templars."

SAVARY. (*up* L. C., *coming down* L.) The wisest thing for him to do was to leave at once. There was no alternative.

MADAME DE TALHOUET. (*on sofa*, L.) Are you speaking of Count Neipperg ?

SAVARY. Yes, Countess.

MADAME DE BASSANO. (*in chair*, L.) And is the cause of his abrupt departure known ? (*rising, goes up to* SAVARY, *then crosses at back and down* R.)

SAVARY. (*importantly*) The cause was very serious. (*he goes up a little and speaks to* JUNOT)

FOUCHE. (*down* R. *To himself, but rather loud*) Yes, but he would have some difficulty in explaining it.

MADAME DE CANISY. (*in chair* R. *Rising*) And do you know it ? You, who know everything :

FOUCHE. (*going to her*) I fear I do.

ALL THE LADIES. Oh ! do tell us.

FOUCHE. (*lowering voice*) Will you promise me to forget it as soon as I tell you ?

ALL THE LADIES. Oh ! yes, yes !

FOUCHE. You're quite sure ?

MAD. DE MORTEMART. On our honor.

FOUCHE. (*lowering voice*) Well, then, just imagine that I have told you and that you have forgotten it, it comes to the same thing ! (*he bows to them and goes up, leaving them all struck*)

MAD. DE CANISY. He's making game of us !

MAD. DE BASSANO. (*rising*) That Fouche is simply odious ! (*crosses to* L. C. *at back*)

TULIP. (*announcing at* B.) Her Majesty the Queen of Naples ! (MADAME DE BULOW *and* MADAME DE VINTIMILLE *cross in front from* L. *to* R. *All the persons who are seated rise.* MADAME DE VINTIMILLE *returns to* L. LEFEBVRE *precipitates himself forward to receive the Princesses.* CAROLINE *enters followed by* ELIZA. MESSRS. JARDIN, DE MORTEMART *and a nobleman follow the Princesses and remain at* R. *door.* LEFEBVRE *walks backwards before* CAROLINE, *who bows to those assembled at* R., *then to the Generals at* B. *and the nobles at* L. *Every one bows. The ladies curtsey*)

SCENE III.—*The same.* CAROLINE; *she is blond, with a face of dazzling freshness;* ELIZA, *brunette; three gentlemen of honor in their suite.*

TULIP. Her Imperial Highness the Princess of Lucques and Piombino. (LEFEBVRE *has precipitated himself before the Princesses*)

CAROLINE. (R. C.) *coming to a halt and glancing around*) I do not see Her Grace the Duchess of Dantzig, Marshal——

LEFEBVRE. (L.) May it please your Majesty to excuse the Duchess? She has been slightly indisposed.

CAROLINE. (*bitter sweet*) Ah! really? (ELIZA *comes down* L. C.)

LEFEBVRE. (*to the two Princesses*) But it is merely an attack of dizziness, she will be here in a moment to make her humble apologies. (*exits* L. 2. *After* LEFEBVRE *exits,* MADAME DE TALHOUET, MADAME SAVARY *and* MADAME DE BASSANO *and* CANOUVILLE *cross from* L. *to* R. *at back.* FOUCHE *crosses at back to* L.)

CAROLINE. What are we to think of this very newly created Duchess, who does not seem to know that her first duty is to be here to receive us?

ELIZA. Let us retire.

CAROLINE. On the contrary! This is insult number one. We will keep count of the others. (*they are warmly saluted by those assembled.* (ELIZA *crosses to* R.)

SCENE IV.—*The same.* CATHERINE; *she enters rapidly from* L. *door in Court toilet and finds herself opposite* LEFEBVRE, *who, in his impatience, has opened the door and is watching for her.*

Enter LEFEBVRE *and* CATHERINE, L. 2.

LEFEBVRE. (*aside to* CATHERINE, *taking her right hand and leading her down* L.) Confound it! . . . If you'd only been here three minutes sooner.

CATHERINE. (*aside to* LEFEBVRE) Oh! don't bother me—that infernal dress of mine got ripped all up the back. (FOUCHE *crosses over to* L. *at back and drops down to corner*)

LEFEBVRE. (*walking with her in the direction of the Princesses*) Make your apologies, and mind what you say!

CATHERINE. Yes, I know! . . . The cats! they're dying to get me in a hole. (*with* LEFEBVRE, *she moves towards the Princesses, who turn their backs, pretending not to see her coming*)

LEFEBVRE. Your Majesty!—the Duchess! (CAROLINE *and* ELIZA *start and turn.* CATHERINE *makes her curtsey*

from a distance and very well. All the ladies, except the Princesses, return her curtsey, the men bow)

CAROLINE. (*bitter sweet*) We have been longing to see you, Duchess.

CATHERINE. (*comes to* C., *passing before* LEFEBVRE. LEFEBVRE *goes up* L.) I beg your Majesty, your Imperial Highness, and all the rest of the company to excuse my being so behind. I had an awful job to get my clothes on. (*first spasm of contained laughter among the ladies*) I declare I'm all in a fever. (*more laughter, smothered behind the fans.* CATHERINE *fans herself, and thinking she is adopting Court behavior, she continues*) What are you all standing about, doing nothing? What's the Marshal thinking of? Why don't he offer these ladies something to drink? (*calling to the butler, who is at* B.) Hey! Tulip! (*she goes up to give him some orders.* CAROLINE *sits in chair front of table.* ELIZA *in chair* R. *All the group at* R. *surrounding the Princesses enjoy the scene and in an undertone make answers to* CATHERINE. *Exit* TULIP, L. 2)

ARNAULT. (*smiling*) She's going to stand treat!

DE FONTANES. (*smiling*) Over the bar!

MADAME SAVARY. (*to* ELIZA, *laughing*) Ah! Princess, where are we?

MADAME DE CANISY. (*to* DUROC) What a remarkable creature!

CANOUVILLE. (R. *of table. Seriously*) But such a good, honest, noble woman! (TULIP *has placed on the table a very rich tea service. Valet with tray of ices and wine glasses enters after* TULIP L. 2. *and stands up* L. MISS BART *sits on sofa* R., MADAME DE BULOW *in chair* R. *of table*, MRS. PLUNKETT *on chair above* MADAME DE BULOW. *The side speeches continue in undertones with smothered laughter, and their murmur continues in all parts of the room.* CANOUVILLE *crosses at back to* L.)

CATHERINE. (*coming down* L. *to* FOUCHE) What are they giggling about behind their fans? Has my waist burst?

FOUCHE. (L. *corner*) No, no.

CATHERINE. (*anxiously*) Have I put my foot in it again?

FOUCHE. Not at all.

CATHERINE. I know they're all spying me! That's quite enough to set me wrong.

FOUCHE. Don't lose sight of me. If I take a pinch of snuff, you're on the wrong track!

CATHERINE. All right!

FOUCHE. (*to himself*) Poor soul! It's really touching.

CATHERINE. (*to* CAROLINE, *trying to be very amiable*) Will your Majesty have a sup of tea?

CAROLINE. No, thank you.

CATHERINE. (*to* ELIZA) And your Imperial Highness ?

ELIZA. No, thank you.

CATHERINE. Well, I'm just like you. It's nothing but hot water. Try something stronger ! A glass of spiced wine ?

CAROLINE. No, Duchess, neither wine or spice.

LEFEBVRE. (*coming down. Behind his wife, low*) Don't insist.

CATHERINE. (*in an undertone*) But, my dear, we've got to show 'em that we're used to company.

LEFEBVRE. (*low*) Don't insist, I tell you ! (*goes up*)

CATHERINE. Oh, well, if you want to treat them like that I don't call it polite. (*as she turns, she finds herself face to face with* CANOUVILLE, *who is taking from a tray a glass of punch*) Hullo ! Canouville, are you back ?

MAD. SAVARY. (*aside to* MAD. DE TALHOUET) What familiarity ! (*renewed laughter in the group*)

CANOUVILLE, (*up* L. *Very respectfully*) Yes, your Grace, and my first visit is to you.

CATHERINE. (*shaking hands with him, and taking a glass from the same tray*) Now that's very nice of you ! (*clinking her glass against* CANOUVILLE'S) Here's luck ! (FOUCHE *taps snuff-box with noise and takes snuff*)

MAD. DE BASSANO. (*in an undertone*) Look ! she's clinking glasses with him ! (FOUCHE *taps on snuff-box*)

MAD. DE TALHOUET. (R. C. *on sofa. In an undertone*) That is the finishing touch. (FOUCHE, *at the moment* CATHERINE *clinks glasses, takes a pinch of snuff, at the same time tapping on the box, but too late.* CATHERINE *sees the motion and, intimidated, without understanding, replaces the glass on the tray without having drunk from it. Goes down to* FOUCHE, L.)

ELIZA. (*to* CAROLINE, *in an undertone*) If we could only induce her to tell the story of the floor polisher !

LADIES OF GROUP. (*in an undertone*) Oh ! yes ! yes !

CAROLINE. (*in an undertone*) We can try.

LADIES OF GROUP. Oh, do try !

CAROLINE. (*aloud*) Duchess——

CATHERINE. (*turning, eagerly*) Your Majesty ! (*as she turns to her* R. *she catches her feet in her train*) For goodness' sake, what am I walking on ?

MAD. SAVARY. (*bursting with laughter*) Just look at her !

CATHERINE. Excuse me, your Majesty ! It's this beastly train ! I'll have to unwind myself !

MAD. DE MORTEMART. She'll never get out of it.

CATHERINE. (*while* CANOUVILLE *helps her to disengage herself*) They're making fun of me !

CANOUVILLE. (*protesting, in an undertone*) Nonsense!

CATHERINE. Don't I see 'em? (*disengaged, she advances to* CAROLINE) Here I am, your Majesty!

CAROLINE. I should like to have a good look at that brilliant diamond you're wearing to-night. Only see how it sparkles, ladies. (*she indicates* CATHERINE'S *brooch. Murmurs of approbation from the ladies*)

CATHERINE. It's a present from Lefebvre. (*little murmur from the ladies: "Ah! really! Oh, very pretty! Quite gallant!" etc., etc.* LEFEBVRE *comes down to* L. *of* FOUCHE, *who draws forth his snuff-box*)

CAROLINE. Is it the one that was stolen from you?

LEFEBVRE. (*affrighted, coming down* L.) Now it's coming! (FOUCHE *hurries to bring forth his snuff-box*)

CATHERINE. Yes, by the floor polisher! You see, it was this way—— (FOUCHE *takes a pinch—she stops short*) But the story isn't fit for company. (*she turns on herself to take from the table a plate of cakes. Disappointment of the group*)

ELIZA. (*to the other ladies*) Oh! what a pity!

MAD. DE SAVARY. (*to the group*) She had begun so well, too.

LEFEBVRE. (*to* FOUCHE, *aside*) I wasn't as hot as this in the trenches before Dantzig! (*goes up a little*)

CATHERINE. (*presenting to* CAROLINE *a plate of small cakes*) Won't your Majesty tackle one of these little cakes? (*laughter*)

CAROLINE. (*mocking*) No, thank you. I don't think I'll tackle any—er—cakes.

CATHERINE. (*to* ELIZA) And your Imperial Highness?

ELIZA. No tackling for me, thank you, Duchess. (CATHERINE, *vexed, remains with the plate in her left hand facing the public*)

CAROLINE. (*in a false tone of approbation*) Have you not remarked, ladies, what a very original way the Duchess has of expressing herself? (*answers of "Yes, oh, yes." She continues*) "Tackle," for instance. So quaint. (CATHERINE *puts plate on table*)

ELIZA. So picturesque! (*ladies laugh*)

CATHERINE. (*frowning; aside to* FOUCHE) Didn't I tell you they were making game of me?

FOUCHE. (*aside, trying to calm her*) No, no, no!

CATHERINE. (*aside*) They'd better look out, though, or I'll scratch! (FOUCHE *tries to calm her*)

CAROLINE. (*addressing herself to* FONTANES, ARNAULT *and* RAYNOUARD, *who are at the chimney*) It seems to me that the gentlemen of the Academy, who are here this evening, should try to catch some of these artless colloquialisms—they have no doubt been borrowed from the lower classes.

CATHERINE. (*aside to* LEFEBVRE, *annoyed and articulating indistinctly*) D'ye hear that? Oh!

LEFEBVRE. (*coming down*) Be calm now!

CAROLINE. (*still falsely amiable*) They are seldom heard, I believe, outside of the fish market and such places.

CATHERINE. (*trembling somewhat, and with dilated nostrils, comes down, followed by* LEFEBVRE) She'd better stop now, or something's going to drop.

CAROLINE. (*still in the same tone*) By the way, Duchess, was it not in that neighborhood, Duchess,—perhaps you have not heard this interesting story, ladies,—was it not somewhere near the fish market that on the night of the tenth of August you saved the life of Monsieur de Neipperg by hiding him in your bed? (*suppressed laughter.* LEFEBVRE, *irritated, makes a movement, but is checked by his wife*)

CATHERINE. That concerns me. I'll settle her! (*crosses to* CAROLINE, *with the greatest calm*) Your Majesty means, that I took him in when he was wounded and that I gave him a refuge in my *room*, in broad daylight. As to the kind of hospitality your Majesty refers to, I leave it (*she nods slightly towards* ELIZA) to ladies of higher rank than mine, who reserve their favors for the strong and healthy.

LEFEBVRE. (*aside to* CATHERINE) Bravo!

CATHERINE. (*aside, fanning herself*) Put that in your pipe and smoke it!

FOUCHE. (*dropping his pinch of snuff back into the box*) Too late! (*goes up* L.)

CAROLINE. (*aloud*) Monsieur de Neipperg knew what he was doing then, the day he took refuge in your——

CATHERINE. (*coming quietly before her, and interrupting her, with a smile*) In my shop.

ALL THE LADIES. Shop!

CATHERINE. Yes, your Majesty. (*all the ladies are standing and repeat in an undertone among themselves the word "shop" in a mocking way*)

ELIZA. (*hastily*) Yes, for in those days were you not a——

CATHERINE. (*still calm*) Washerwoman.

ALL THE LADIES. A washerwoman?

CATHERINE. Yes, your Highness! (*more mocking exclamations. "Is it possible?" "Really now!" "A washerwoman!" She continues*) And I'm not ashamed of it. There are no stupid trades. (*boring slightly to the group of ladies; sits in chair* L. *of table*) There are only stupid people. . . . And, if I do speak the language of the people, it's because I belong to the people! And, let me tell you, I'm in good company—what with Massena, who used

to sell oil; Bessiers, who was a wig-maker; Brune, a printer; and finally, gallant Murat, your husband, now the King of Naples, who was once a servant in his father's wine shop. Among those who now call him "Your Majesty," most likely there's some who used to shout to him: "Hey, waiter, change my plate!"

CAROLINE. Do you dare!

CATHERINE. Why, there was no disgrace in it; on the contrary, it's to their credit that they began life so low and climbed so high, thanks to their bravery and their devotion to their country. Ay, they may well be proud that they're the sons of the Revolution which has raised them from the ranks and placed them where they are to-day. And in this palace, where we are now, thanks to that Revolution, those who owe everything to it and have the baseness to blush at it, are ungrateful to forget, and cowards, ay, cowards, to deny their mother. (*murmurs of approbation from the officers. The Princesses arise hurriedly.* CAROLINE *rises*)

FOUCHE. (*aside, taking a pinch—coming down*) Danger! (*as* CAROLINE *rises all the ladies who are seated rise*)

CATHERINE. (*to* FOUCHE *in an undertone*) Oh! put up your old snuff-box! I've got 'em now, and I'll give them their money's worth.

CAROLINE. (*exasperated and haughty*) Without forgetting your past, you might at least forget its surroundings, and not be a duchess with the language of the gutter, nor the wife of a marshal of France with the manners of a vivandiere.

CATHERINE. (*mockingly*) Savin' your presence, I've been that too!

CAROLINE. (*furious and mocking, addressing the group and coming down near to* ELIZA) Then the education of the shop was completed in the barracks. (*a little laughter of approval from ladies*)

ELIZA. (*in the same tone*) And in the canteen, where it's the fashion to drink with the troopers—— (*same laughter of approval from ladies*)

CAROLINE. (*still in same tone*) And in the camp, where no doubt you shared their bed of straw. (*more pronounced laughter*)

CATHERINE. Yes, and glad enough when we could get straw. (*sarcastic—rising*) But your Majesties are not the ones that should throw that in my face.

CAROLINE. (*hurriedly closes her fan and turns to* CATHERINE, *who, on her part, turns and faces the group of women proudly*) You say?

CATHERINE. (*rising*) I say, and I say it aloud! Yes, I have slept on the bare ground among those troopers, who had more respect than your Majesty for the woman I am,

and for the name I bear ! . . . I've tramped from the Rhine to the Danube, through snow and rain . . . yes, and bullets, picking up the wounded, consoling the dying and closing the eyes of the dead ! . . . And just by pouring out my little cups of brandy for our soldiers, who were winning a kingdom for you . . . I . . . the common vivandiere, did more to gain your crown for you than you yourself ! . . . who had only to stretch out your hand to pick it up out of their blood. (*backs over to* L.)

CAROLINE. (*crossing to* L. *Beside herself*) You have said too much, Duchess ! You will regret those words.

CATHERINE. No more than the others !

CAROLINE. (*turning to* R.) We shall soon see ! . . . Let us retire, ladies, the atmosphere here is too redolent of the fish market. (*she goes up, followed by* ELIZA *and the other ladies, who exit after her, by* B., *without noticing* CATHERINE. DUROC, JUNOT, CANOUVILLE *and three or four officers hastily surround* CATHERINE, *who is alone in front* L., *with* LEFEBVRE. *and in an undertone they rapidly congratulate her and make their exit*)

DUROC. Well done, Duchess !

LAURISTON. Excellent ! Excellent !

CANOUVILLE. Bravo !

LEFEBVRE. (*kissing her*) Come ! I must give you a kiss for that.

CATHERINE. Well, my heart was full. I had to let the steam off.

FOUCHE. (*crossing to* R.) But you may pay dearly for it.

CATHERINE. Oh, let them do their worst. They can't walk all over me. (*some of the officers remain grouped at* B., *and talk over the scene that has just passed.*

CORSO *enters from* R. 2.

VALET. (*entering at door* L. C., *announcing*) Monsieur de Brigode, Chamberlain to His Majesty ! (LEFEBVRE *goes up to* M. DE BRIGODE, *who enters* L. C.)

CATHERINE. Now it's coming ! No time.

CORSO. (*who has entered from* R. 2. *Hurriedly, aside to* FOUCHE) Monsieur de Neipperg has just entered the palace, secretly. He is now concealed in the apartments of Madame de Bulow.

FOUCHE. Very good.

MONSIEUR DE BRIGODE. (L. C., *after exchanging bows with* LEFEBVRE) In the name of the Emperor I invite her Grace the Duchess of Dantzig to be kind enough to immediately present herself before His Majesty.

CATHERINE. Just wait till I get a wrap and I'll be with you. (MONSIEUR DE BRIGODE *bows and goes up to* B.,

where he salutes DUROC, LAURISTON, *and* FOUCHE, *during the following passage, and then exits, followed by officers*)

LEFEBVRE. (L. C., *to* CATHERINE) Before you get there they will have told the Emperor everything!

FOUCHE. (R. C.) And as he's already in a bad humor——

CATHERINE. (C., *coming before table*) What about?

FOUCHE. An exciting scene, this afternoon, with the Empress.

CATHERINE. (*startled, stopping abruptly*) Ah!

FOUCHE. At the concert, she was still trembling from the effects of it.

CATHERINE. (*alone in* C.) Good God! Can that woman of Neipperg's have been—— (*hastily*) Monsieur de Neipperg has gone, has he not?

LEFEBVRE. (L. C.) Long since. Why?

CATHERINE. Oh, nothing! (LEFEBVRE *goes to door* L. 2, *throws it open and remains above it, allowing* CATHERINE *to pass out. To* FOUCHE) Good-night, Duke.

FOUCHE. (*bowing from a distance*) Good-night, Duchess! (*to himself*) Though I'm afraid none of us will sleep much *to-night.* (*he goes up* R.)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Emperor's study. Violet hangings dotted with bees and crowned N's. All the furniture is of Jacob's manufacture, in mahogany and gilt brass work. At* L. *before the fireplace, in which a bright fire is burning, is the work table having bronze legs, on which is a litter of papers and newspapers. At* R. *a sofa with high back and a one-legged table, arm-chairs and chairs. At* R. 1 *a door leading to other apartments, at* R. 2 *a double door leading to the Emperor's room. Between these two doors a desk bureau closed. At* B. *between two bookcases a large double door opens on to an ante-chamber which is lit up by unseen lamps. Beyond the ante-chamber and on a line with the door of the study is the door to the Empress' room. At* L. *above the chimney, the double door leads to the guard-room occupied by the officers. On the table, a large candelabrum of four lights and with a metal shade and the Emperor's hat. His sword is on the chimney. On the small one-legged table a large lamp lit. On the work table, maps spread out, newspapers, two inkstands, of which one is small, pens, papers, a portfolio, a bouquet of violets, a writing desk for the Em-*

peror, and a cup and sugar bowl on a tray. Hand bell and paper knife.

NAPOLEON, SAVARY, CONSTANT, JARDIN, SAINT-MARSAN, ROUSTAN *and afterwards* DE BRIGODE.

DISCOVERED.—THE EMPEROR, *seated in the arm-chair at* L., *is running over the newspapers on the table.* CONSTANT *stands above him.* ROUSTAN *before the door at* R. 2. MORTEMART, LAURISTON *and* SAINT-MARSAN *grouped above the sofa.* JARDIN *near the* R. *table.*

(*See table and chairs well dusted. All doors tended.*)

NAPOLEON. What time is it, Constant?

CONSTANT. Eleven, Sire!

NAPOLEON. Coffee! (*exit* CONSTANT *through* L. *door for a short time.* CANOUVILLE *faces* NAPOLEON. *To* CANOUVILLE) Let me see your report, Captain! (CONSTANT *returns with coffee-pot.* SAVARY *enters* L. 3, *goes down* L. *a little in front of* NAPOLEON. CANOUVILLE *hands it to him.* NAPOLEON *continues, while glancing over it*) Who are the officers on duty with you to-night?

CANOUVILLE. Sire, Monsieur de Mortemart and Monsieur de Lauriston.

NAPOLEON. (*to* SAVARY) Ah! Rovigo! (*in low tone*) Well? (SAVARY *approaches*) Has Monsieur de Neipperg gone?

SAVARY. (L. *Low*) I can guarantee to your Majesty, that Monsieur de Neipperg, who is already far from here, will be beyond the frontier by to-morrow.

NAPOLEON. Good! (SAVARY *goes up and over to* R. *of table. He snuffs slowly*) Wait! . . . (*to* SAVARY) Why have they not brought me the last numbers of the *Times* and the *Leyden Gazette?*

SAVARY. (*at the corner of table*) Scurrilous sheets, Sire! . . . vile, scurrilous sheets!

NAPOLEON. Scurrilous or not, I told you once and for all that I wished to read everything! . . . Where are those papers?

SAVARY. (*coming before the chair at* R. *of table*) Here they are, Sire! (*he draws from his pocket two newspapers which he places on the table*) You will find the libellous articles marked with red pencil.

Enter DE BRIGODE, R. 1, *ushered in by a valet, who opens the door.* SAVARY *crosses at back to* R.

NAPOLEON. (*to* DE BRIGODE) Ah! Monsieur de Brigode, have you notified the Duchess of Dantzig?

BRIGODE. (*front of sofa*) Yes, Sire!

NAPOLEON. Very well. (BRIGODE *retires up to* R. *of* C. *doors.* LAURISTON *and* CANOUVILLE *salute him as he passes between them. To himself after having rapidly read*

one of the newspaper articles) How dare the woman to speak like that of my sisters! . . . Is Lauriston here?

LAURISTON. (*advancing to* C. *and saluting*) Yes, Sire. I await your Majesty's order . . . for to-morrow's hunt.

NAPOLEON. (*writing*) I intend to be back at the palace by noon.

LAURISTON. In that case, Sire, it will be necesary to start by eight o'clock at the latest.

NAPOLEON. We'll start at half-past seven. D'you hear, Roustan? (ROUSTAN *advances to back of sofa*) The ladies will have to rise early, that's all. For that matter, the Empress is accustomed to rise early. Constant is not one of my equerries in the ante-chamber . . . (*indicating* L.) with those gentlemen?

CONSTANT. (*advancing* L.) Yes, Sire.

NAPOLEON. Monsieur Lauriston will inform him of our plans on his way out. (LAURISTON *bows and exits* L. 3) Is the reception of the Empress over yet? (*two valets open door of Empress' room at back, which remains open.* CAROLINE, ELIZA *and all the ladies discovered back of* C. *doors*)

DE BRIGODE. It is just ending, Sire! The ladies are taking their departure.

NAPOLEON. (*rising*) Then I will notify them of the plans for to-morrow's hunt and at the same time say good-night to the Empress. (*enter from* L. C., CAROLINE, ELIZA, *then all the other ladies. They range themselves on the right of stage. A great deal of movement among the ladies, who curtsey to him. The Emperor passes through them, in the midst of numerous curtsies*) Be good enough to wait until I return, ladies!

DE BRIGODE. (*at back*) The Emperor!

NAPOLEON *enters the Empress' room, the doors of which are closed. By the lights of the candelabra the bed of Marie Louise is seen, at the head of which is a small one-legged table.* ROUSTAN *continues to stand immovable before the Emperor's door. Conversation in low tones*)

CAROLINE. (*to* ELIZA) Oh! oh! The Emperor seems very irritable! Can he have already been informed of that creature's impudence? (CAROLINE *crosses* L., *followed by* ELIZA. SAVARY *crosses at back to* L. *and goes down.* DE BRIGODE *goes over to head of table* R. *To* MADAME SAVARY) Duchess!

MADAME SAVARY. (L. C.) Your Majesty?

CAROLINE. (*crossing to chair* L.; *sits*) Is the Duke of Rovigo here?

MADAME SAVARY. Yes, your Majesty . . . Duke! (*crossing to chair* R. *of table*)

ELIZA. (*crossing to chair front of table. To* SAVARY) Duke?

SAVARY. (*coming down* L.) Princess?

ELIZA. (*seating herself before the table* L.) Have you told His Majesty what occurred at the Duchess of Dantzig's?

SAVARY. No, Princess, I have not had time yet.

CAROLINE. Then why does the Emperor seem so displeased?

SAVARY. I am ignorant of the cause!

CAROLINE. Madame de Bulow?

MADAME DE BULOW. (C., *turning toward* CAROLINE) Your Majesty?

CAROLINE. Can you tell us why the Emperor is in such a bad temper?

MADAME DE BULOW. Your Majesty! All I can say is that the Emperor has been in his present frame of mind since morning. (*she returns to her group*)

CAROLINE. Wait until he hears from the Empress what insults we have just been subjected to.

BRIGODE. (*bending over table* L.) Is your Majesty aware that the Emperor has summoned the Duchess of Dantzig?

CAROLINE *and* ELIZA. (*pleased*) Ah!

FRIGOLE. (*continuing*) After a somewhat protracted interview with the Marshal.

CAROLINE. Yes, but as the Marshal is in command of the palace, perhaps the interview had something to do with to-morrow's festivities? (BRIGODE *retires up to* R. *of* C. D.)

ELIZA. (*lowering her voice again*) By the way, Duke, is it true, as Remusat tells me, that the Emperor objects to the return of Grassini and Mademoiselle Georges?

SAVARY. Quite true, Princess. His Majesty has issued positive orders forbidding access to the Court to Mademoiselle Georges, and every other lady to whom the Empress may object.

ELIZA. (*mockingly*) Now that's the act of a gallant and loving husband.

CAROLINE. (*mockingly*) And of one who desires to retain the right of being jealous.

ELIZA. And jealous he is . . . according to rumor . . . But Savary will not admit that!

SAVARY. And what says rumor, Princess?

ELIZA. That not one of the Empress' letters to Vienna is forwarded until it has been unsealed, and read by the Emperor.

SAVARY. (*lightly*) Even were such the fact it should be considered simply as a political precaution. His Majesty may wish to know the Empress' private opinion of the Empire!

CAROLINE. And of the Emperor.

SAVARY. But of that I know nothing. (*he returns up stage, crossing over to* R. *of* C. *doors*)

ELIZA. Of course not!

CAROLINE. Duchess, does the Duke open *your* letters? (*the* C. *doors and those at back are opened from behind.* NAPOLEON *discovered back of inside doors with back to audience*)

MAD. SAVARY. My goodness, I hope not!

DE BRIGODE. (*who has gone up to* B., *announces*) The Emperor! (*the ladies all rise and cross over to* R., *taking same positions they held at* NAPOLEON'S *exit*)

The Emperor comes out from the Empress' room, the door of which closes behind him. He comes down stage.

NAPOLEON. The hunt will start to-morrow morning at half-past seven. Every one will be ready at a quarter past. I therefore advise you, ladies, to follow the example of the Empress and myself, by retiring early. (*ladies exit* C. *and* R. *and* L. *To his sisters*) You may remain, I have something to say to you. (*to* MADAME DE BULOW, *who is going up stage*) Ah! Madame de Bulow, before you retire the Empress desires your presence in her room to receive her orders. (MADAME DE BULOW *curtseys, then goes up to Empress' room* C.) Till to-morrow, gentlemen. (*the gentlemen all bow and exit.* CONSTANT *takes lamp from table* R. *and exits through door* R. 3. SAVARY *crosses and exits* L. 3; CANOUVILLE L. 3. ROUSTAN *exits* R. 3. DE BRIGODE *exits* C. *and off* R. *All the doors close after exit of characters.* MADAME DE BULOW *enters the Empress' room, the door of which closes behind her. All doors closed*)

NAPOLEON. (C.) What is this the Empress tells me? Has there been a quarrel between you and the Duchess of Dantzig?

ELIZA. (R.) Oh! Sire, it's an outrage.

CAROLINE. (R. C.) The insolence of that woman, Sire!

ELIZA. Yes, your Majesty, it's outrageous, that your sisters should be treated in such a manner!

CAROLINE. Every one is wondering what can the Emperor be waiting for.

NAPOLEON. The Emperor is waiting for you to (*crosses to table*) give him a chance to speak. It is not *your* duty to remind him of the respect which is due to you. He is more concerned on that point that you are yourselves.

CAROLINE. Oh! is he?

NAPOLEON. If you are treated with disrespect by the Duchess of Dantzig, and by others——

ELIZA. Others?

NAPOLEON. It is because you give them good reasons for so doing.

ELIZA. We?

NAPOLEON. Yes, you! Listen to this article in the *Leyden Gazette!* (*he takes a paper from the table and is about to replace it when the following head-line catches his eye. He reads*) "The Mameluke Roustan.—Tragedies of the Lower Empire!" . . . What's all this? (*he reads in a lower tone*) "The Janissary brought from Egypt, who is on guard every night at Napoleon's door, is not there only to protect his master's slumbers; the faithful guardian, when occasion arises, becomes the silent and ferocious executor of dark deeds, in the performance of which he has accomplices always ready to answer the first call." (*shrugging his shoulders*) Idiots! I was mistaken! The article to which I refer is in the *Times*. Here it is! Read that!

CAROLINE. (*crosses to* C.) It is useless, Sire. . . . How can we escape the calumnies which do not even spare your Majesty?

ELIZA. Every day mountains are made out of molehills!

CAROLINE. Did not people even put an offensive interpretation upon the presence at Court of Monsieur de Neipperg?

NAPOLEON. (*quickly, and coming before the table*) Of Monsieur de Neipperg? . . . Where? What interpretation? Who has dared?

CAROLINE. Does one ever know the names of these scribblers?

NAPOLEON. (*advancing a step*) And what did your particular scribbler say?

CAROLINE. It would seem that he was astonished at the Emperor's tolerating at the palace the presence of a man—only think how malevolent—a man who it was said had been honored with the special *friendship* of the Archduchess.

NAPOLEON. (*restraining himself and coming to her*) Your scribbler is a scoundrel! And you are a fool to repeat such stuff. The Empress has nothing to do with the exile of Monsieur de Neipperg. It is based on purely political motives. Monsieur de Neipperg is an enemy of the State, and the ally of all my foes, of the Count of Provence, to cite but one. Whether as an officer with the sword, a diplomat with the pen, or a conspirator with the dagger, I have always recognized his hand in the attacks directed at me. . . . Even in this palace, to which I admitted him out of deference to the Emperor of Austria, he has secretly intrigued against me. He may esteem himself fortunate to be allowed to leave this Court on such favorable terms.

. . . And now, good-night, and try not to furnish such good opportunities to those who detest and are jealous of us. (*at this point he dismisses them*)

ELIZA. (*crossing to* R. *of table* L.) Sire, I have a favor to beg of your Majesty.

NAPOLEON. (*brusquely*) What is it? If it is a matter of debts again . . . I warn you——

ELIZA. It is nothing to do with debts! I venture to believe that your Majesty will not refuse the favor I crave of him. (*business with violets*)

NAPOLEON. (*up at fireplace* L.) Well, what is it? Come, quick!

ELIZA. (*at back of* NAPOLEON'S *chair—embarrassed*) The fact is, Sire——

CAROLINE. (*mockingly*) Does my presence embarrass you?

ELIZA. (*still embarrassed*) Not in the least! (CAROLINE *goes over to* R.) I beg your permission, Sire, to absent myself to-morrow from the banquet and from the theatrical performance which is to follow.

NAPOLEON. And why, might I ask?

ELIZA. When I rise at such an early hour I am always indisposed for the rest of the day, and, as your Majesty has decided that the hunt is to commence at half-past seven, I thought that——

NAPOLEON. Are you laughing at me? You can rest after the hunt, and you will attend the banquet and the performance.

ELIZA. Oh! Sire, spare me that humiliation!

NAPOLEON. Spare you what?

CAROLINE. (*before the sofa*) Yes, be generous, Sire! . . . Do not compel the Princess of Lucques and Piombino to pass through the doors after *me*, to sit at the table below *me*, to appear in the Imperial box behind *me!* It is so galling to her that my royal dignity requires me to take precedence of her everywhere.

ELIZA. (*crossing to* C.) And *why* should you be a queen and not I? Just because it has pleased the Emperor to bestow a crown upon Murat!

CAROLINE. His Majesty should also have given a crown to Monsieur Bacchiochi, should he not?

ELIZA. Well, my dear, I am the older. (CAROLINE *is about to retort*)

NAPOLEON. (*coming down* L.—*interrupting them*) Enough! What has your primogeniture to do with it? According to that, it is not I who should be Emperor, but Joseph, who finds it hard enough to be a king! By heaven, you make yourselves ridiculous with your quarrels about birth and precedence! . . . Why, if any one overheard us he would fancy we were wrangling over a royal

inheritance that our father, the King, left us! . . . Take what is given to you and think yourselves lucky to have it, thanks to me . . . and without any further right to it than my good will! (*in chair* L.)

CAROLINE. That's just what our mother says.

NAPOLEON. And our mother is a woman of good common sense! . . . Too much common sense perhaps. For at the slightest eulogy on the prosperity of the Empire, she has a mania for crying out, "Let's hope it will last!" (*rising—going up to fireplace*)

CAROLINE. Mother may be wrong there, but she's quite right when she says, "If your sister 'Liza were the moon she'd go on grumbling because she were not the sun."

ELIZA. Oh, indeed? And I suppose you think you're the sun.

NAPOLEON. What? Are you at it again?

CAROLINE. (*furious*) You nasty, spiteful thing, you!

NAPOLEON. (*rising*) Basta! Enough!

ELIZA. (*furious*) Nasty, spiteful thing yourself!

CAROLINE. A stuck-up, conceited thing!

ELIZA. I'm not half as conceited as you are!

CAROLINE. You're the most jealous creature I ever saw!

ELIZA. Oh! that woman! There's not a more jealous creature than you!

NAPOLEON. (*coming down* C. *with poker and tongs*) Basta! Hold your tongues! or I'll pack you both back to your husbands! . . . (*the door at* R. 1 *opens, they stop short*) Silence!

Enter DE BRIGODE, R. 2 E.

DE BRIGODE. Sire, Her Grace the Duchess of Dantzig awaits your Majesty's orders!

NAPOLEON. Admit her! (*goes to fireplace and drops poker and tongs.* BRIGODE *moves to one side to allow* CATHERINE *to enter. She has her pelisse over her shoulders and makes a very deep curtsey to the Emperor. To the Princesses who hesitate to depart*) Go, ladies, and see that you are both ready for to-morrow's hunt at the hour agreed upon. (CAROLINE *takes a few steps down stage and* ELIZA *crosses behind her and exits through door* R. 2. *They exit affecting not to see* CATHERINE. MONSIEUR DE BRIGODE *follows them and a lackey closes the door* R. 2)

CAROLINE. (*to herself*) The storm will fall upon that one now. (*exit followed by* DE BRIGODE, R. *The door closes after them*)

NAPOLEON. (*brusquely and in a harsh voice*) Be seated, Madame. (CATHERINE *without any signs of being intimidated seats herself on the sofa.* *The Emperor continues, dry and cutting, walking around the room, hands behind his*

back, stopping short in his walk and starting again) It seems you're bent on causing me annoyance! What I had already heard of you was not sufficient! You must needs create a fresh disturbance to-night. I did a nice thing when I made your husband a Duke and a Marshal of the Empire, forgetting that the woman who was to share his dignities would cover them with ridicule! Thanks to you, my Court will soon be the laughing-stock of Europe and the pamphleteers of the Thames will say that it is peopled with cooks and fishwomen. This sort of thing has lasted too long! A stop must be put to it! I cannot and I will not take Lefebvre's title from him. When he was rallied about that same title by a shallow-brained sprig of the nobility, he silenced him with these words: "You are but a descendant, *I* am an ancestor!" Such a man will always be an honor to his rank! Therefore it is for you to understand. You are not a fool, it seems; now is the time to prove it. Besides, my resolution is formed. Lefebvre told you so, did he not? (*at table* L.)

CATHERINE. Lefebvre told me the Emperor wishes us to divorce!

NAPOLEON. That was plain enough. What answer did you make?

CATHERINE. Me, Sire! Why, I laughed in his face!

NAPOLEON. (*coming below table*) In-deed! And what did he do?

CATHERINE. He? Why, he laughed in mine! Seeing that he's no more a mind to leave me than I have to leave him!

NAPOLEON. (*coming to her and looking at her in a way to intimidate her*) And what of my wishes? Suppose we speak of that.

CATHERINE. (*tranquilly*) Oh! You, Sire! We know you're the master, and a master that hasn't had his match since pigs were pigs! With a nod of your head you can send half a million men to the banks of the Danube or the Rhine just to show the world that you're almighty, but there's one thing that with all your power you *can't* do—you can't make me stop loving my Lefebvre or stop my Lefebvre from loving me. And if your Majesty engages in that battle, why, you'll lose it, that's all.

NAPOLEON. (*putting his hand on the back of the sofa*) And you . . . you are very bold . . . to think so. Lefebvre has not yet spoken his last word

CATHERINE. And does your Majesty think he'd be fool enough to swap a wife who's as devoted to him as a poor dog to his master for a twopenny ha'penny Princess? Although now he's a hero and a Duke, and a Marshal of the Empire, it don't alter the fact that his father was a miller, and that he's a soldier of fortune and a parvenu.

NAPOLEON. His fame has made him!

CATHERINE. Parvenu . . . all the same, in the eyes of the *old* Nobility who have had to pay for that fame. He's in the same boat as your Majesty! (*the Emperor starts, goes to upper end of table and sips coffee*) Now you don't suppose they're very fond of you, do you; all those old aristocrats who duck and bow to you because you're the strongest? Them are not the ones that love you; it's the people of the fields and of the streets. *They're* as devoted to you as *I* am to my Lefebvre, and if you've *that* devotion, Sire, whether it's a people's or a woman's . . . don't let go of it. For if you *do* you'll never find it again.

NAPOLEON. (*softened*) There's a good deal of sense in what you say. . . . It's a pity, though, that it should be couched in the language of the streets, and that your intemperate words of this evening should have caused such a scandal.

CATHERINE. (*rising and going to* C. *Interrupting him*) Ah, you may *well* call it a scandal!

NAPOLEON. You acknowledge it, then.

CATHERINE. (*continuing*) Yes, a scandal to hear your Majesty's own sisters blackguarding the Army.

NAPOLEON. The Army?

CATHERINE. In my person! . . . Seeing that I've served under the flag, too.

NAPOLEON. You?

CATHERINE. Yes, with the brandy keg on my hip!

NAPOLEON. A vivandiere?

CATHERINE. A vivandiere. And *that's* what their Highnesses shamed me with!

NAPOLEON. They're fools! (*in chair* R. *of table*)

CATHERINE. It's not *me* that said it.

NAPOLEON. (*seating himself on the centre chair and taking his snuff-box from the table*) But a vivandiere! Where? When? How?

CATHERINE. With Lefebvre, 13th Light Infantry.

NAPOLEON. (*interested*) Army of the Vosges.

CATHERINE. Army of the Vosges, Army of the Moselle, Army of the Sambre and Meuse, Army of the Rhine! . . . Thirty-six months' campaigning, twelve battles: Manheim, Frimont, Fleurus!

NAPOLEON. You were at Fleurus?

CATHERINE. That's where I had a donkey shot under me! Apach, Lambach, Sulzbach, Angerspach, where we had so many wounded and so little linen for their wounds; when I'd used up my waist, my whole chemise had to go. And that big noodle d'Angereau named me in the order of the day, and kissed me before the whole regiment! (*puts hands to face in burlesque shame and turns back to audience*)

NAPOLEON. By the Lord, he was right! Well, well! named in the order of the day—why, that's splendid, splendid!

CATHERINE. Not to speak of a bayonet thrust right in the fleshy part of the arm.

NAPOLEON. And wounded! Better and better! Why, that's a real certificate of service in the field, indeed! Duchess!—Bravo! (*applauds*)

CATHERINE. Ay! (*salutes the Emperor*) So *now*—when I'm walking along with Lefebvre and a sentinel presents arms, I take part of his salute for myself. (*hold salute*)

NAPOLEON. (*rising*) No more than you're entitled to! (*to* L.) How comes it that Lefebvre never spoke to me of all this? (*thoughtfully*)

CATHERINE. (*going to him*) He probably thought that your Majesty knew.

NAPOLEON. (*turns quickly*) Not at all! (CATHERINE *goes* R., *facing* NAPOLEON) You did well to defend your glorious petticoats against the assault of their Court mantle! I shall rebuke their Highnesses in such a manner as to remove all danger of a repetition of the offence. (*to* C.) Besides, there is an easy way out of all these difficulties! You will retain your well-earned stripes and remain the wife of Marshal Lefebvre, Duchess of Dantzig; but you will avoid appearing at Court, where, no doubt, you feel out of your element and ill at ease.

CATHERINE. (*gaily, coming down to* NAPOLEON) Oh! (*puts her arm through* NAPOLEON'S) As for that, do you think I get any fun out of your Court? I'll never miss it!

NAPOLEON. That's what I say. (*smiling down to her*)

CATHERINE. It's too stuck-up for me.

NAPOLEON. Eh?

CATHERINE. There's too much starch in it. (*walks stiff, head out from neck, goes to* R.) To look at the men walking about in their high collars, you'd think they'd all swallowed the tongs and pokers. And as for the women, when they've got their fine clothes on, they look as if they were all on parade. (*mincing step to* NAPOLEON)

NAPOLEON. (*pats her on cheek*) It's not as gay as a ball in the Faubourg, I admit. (*crosses to* C.)

CATHERINE. Well, I had a good deal more fun at the Rapee balls, when I was a washerwoman. (*imitates rubbing washboard*)

NAPOLEON. (*approaching her. Becoming harsh again*) Ah! I *had* heard *that*. Caroline told me. And it's ridiculous! You've tried all trades then? (*crossing to* L.)

CATHERINE. (*at sofa* R.) Why, Sire, that only makes two! (*indicates fingers*)

NAPOLEON. (*he indicates one finger*) One too many! A vivandiere, well and good. The flag ennobles every-

thing ! But a *washerwoman!!* Where ? When ? (*goes to table. Back to audience*)

CATHERINE. In Paris, Sire, in '91 and '92. I had to drop the business because I had so many bad customers—what with all the aristocrats bolting and the soldiers getting killed and some of 'em getting rich and forgetting their debts!! Why, in this very palace would you believe that there's a soldier, and he's made his way he has, that owes me sixty francs to this day, and I've never dared to claim 'em.

NAPOLEON. (*in bad humor*) It would look very nice for you to do so, would it not ? (*turns back to her, leans* L. *hand on table*)

CATHERINE. (*searching in her corsage*) Well, I made so bold as to bring you the bill.

NAPOLEON. What ! ! And do you imagine that the Emperor is going to collect your laundry bills ?

CATHERINE. Oh ! Wait till your Majesty's seen the name on it.

NAPOLEON. (*at table writing, shrugging his shoulders*) Have you lost your senses ? Come, it is midnight, let us end this. I will give you a few lines for Lefebvre and have you escorted to your apartments. Please God that every one may act as discreetly as the man who owes you this money and who forgets both his debt and your early career.

CATHERINE. Oh ! I've got something to freshen up his memory. Here's a letter of his, asking me for credit. (*crosses to* C. *Movement of impatience by* NAPOLEON, *but she reads without taking any notice. Reads*) " Out of my small pay, I am again called "—(*What beastly writing!*) " called upon to come to the aid of my mother and sisters who are about to take refuge in Marseilles." (*in chair front of table*)

NAPOLEON. (*startled*) What is that ? (*coming down* L.)

CATHERINE. (*continuing*) As they are obliged to flee from Corsica——

NAPOLEON. (*snatching the letter quickly from her*) Corsica ! (*seeing the signature*) Napoleon Buonaparte !

CATHERINE. *That's* my bad customer !

NAPOLEON. To be sure ! Wait !—Rue Sainte Anne.

CATHERINE. Corner of the Rue des Orties.

NAPOLEON. Why, of course, now I remember ! But your name—your name !—I can't recall it !

CATHERINE. Catherine Hubscher.

NAPOLEON. No, no ! the other ! A nickname !

CATHERINE. Oh ! yes—Madame——

NAPOLEON. Wait ! I have it ! Madame Sans-Gene !

CATHERINE. Now you've got it !

NAPOLEON. (*laughing*) And it well becomes you! What! that bright, kind-hearted girl!

CATHERINE. Was me!

NAPOLEON. (*gaily*) My neighbor! I was lodging in the Rue Royale St. Roch (*pronounced Rock*). (*he leans on the table with his right hand, holding the letter with his left*)

CATHERINE. At the hotel of the Dutch patriots!

NAPOLEON. That's it! Sad lodgings—and a sadder time! For having slightly overstayed my leave of absence in Corsica I had lost my rank. It was restored to me soon after, though, by the King, my uncle!

CATHERINE. (*surprised*) Your uncle!

NAPOLEON. (*facing and looking straight at her*) Yes, Louis XVI.

CATHERINE. Eh?

NAPOLEON. Yes, Marie Antoinette having been the aunt of Marie Louise, my wife.

CATHERINE. Oh! If you look at it that way! Now there's something I should never have thought of!

NAPOLEON. (*moving to* L.) The last captain's commission signed by the poor man a few days before the tenth of August was mine. In it he named his successor! Meanwhile I was walking the streets of Paris looking for employment. I had almost resolved to become a furniture dealer. (*in chair* L. *corner*)

CATHERINE. (*laughing*) More money in what you're doing now, eh?

NAPOLEON. Yes, somewhat! Ah! What memories this scrap of paper awakens! I see myself again, writing at a little black table in my room on the fourth floor.

CATHERINE. Fifth!

NAPOLEON. No. fourth.

CATHERINE. No. no, the fifth, right under the roof.

NAPOLEON. (*smiling*) Why, yes, you are right! . . . What a memory!

CATHERINE. And it's a pleasure just the same to remember those things *here!*

NAPOLEON. (*gaily*) Thoughts of the past lend a zest to the enjoyments of the present! Now, let's see about this bill. Forty francs for mending alone! That's rather high. My linen was never so bad as that.

CATHERINE. A good sight worse!

NAPOLEON. (*rising*) Well, well. . . . We won't bargain about it. We'll say then that Bonaparte owes you—— (*searching in the pockets of his vest*)

CATHERINE. (*extending her hand*) Three Napoleons!

NAPOLEON. Fate's against me, my dear! I haven't so much money about me!

CATHERINE. (*laughing*) Oh I've waited so long, I can give you one more day to settle up. (*laughs*)

NAPOLEON. (*laughing*) Thank you! Ah, you are a sly rogue, Madame Sans-Gene. (CATHERINE *crosses to* C. *He pinches and twists her ear in a friendly manner*) And you have a very pretty ear and (*turning her face towards himself*) a very charming face!

CATHERINE. (*retreats to centre, laughing*) Well, I must say, your Majesty, it's taken you an awful long time to find it out!

NAPOLEON. What do you mean?

CATHERINE. (*still laughing*) I don't mind owning, now that we've left all that nonsense far behind us, that when I first met you I took quite a fancy to you. But I didn't know Lefebvre then. (*pause.* NAPOLEON *crosses to chair* L.)

NAPOLEON. (*taking a seat on the chair below table*) Really?

CATHERINE. However good a girl may be, there are times when she can't help saying to herself that a pretty face was not meant to be wasted on a looking glass! . . . I hoped you would think me pretty. The other women thought you ugly! Not I! And I kept thinking, Oh! that man, there's a man as is a man—if he ever asks me for anything I will give him more than he asks. (*crossing to* R. *corner*)

NAPOLEON. Well, well! It only depended on me then?

CATHERINE. (*going up* C.) Oh! as to that . . . I remember taking your washing round one day just as it was striking eleven. I had rigged myself out in my Sunday best—a polonnaise, all ruffled, a pretty fichu, new shoes and . . . bright eyes. . . . As I climbed your five flights I didn't look so badly, neither; it seemed to me I was bound for heaven! It made my heart beat like a young conscript's facing his first fire. I knocked toc, toc. Come in! Oh! good Lord! thinks I, what is going to happen? There was you, your Majesty, sitting at a little table with your nose glued to a map. "It's me, lieutenant, with your wash," says I. "All right," says you without lifting your nose. "put it down." Well, I fussed about the place, emptying my basket, tapping my heels on the floor, and bumping up against your chair as I passed. But, bless you, you wouldn't no more stir from your table than if I was a fly! "If he don't take no more interest in me than that," thinks I, "there ain't much danger." So, givin' a little sort of sigh as if I was too warm, I takes off my fichu, thinking that maybe you wouldn't care so much for your geography then—as for mine! Not a bit of it! You only stuck your nose closer to the map. Then I began to feel angry—so I tied on my fichu again, and picking up my basket I took myself off—not flattered that you paid me so much respect. (*crosses to* R., *front of sofa*)

NAPOLEON. (*going over to her*) My dear, I was a fool that day to disdain so pretty a hand so gracefully extended. (*takes her left hand and kisses it.*)

CATHERINE. (*still laughing*) Ah ha ! there's your conqueror for you !

NAPOLEON. (*seats himself on the sofa still holding* CATHERINE'S *hand*) And this arm ! . . . Where do you say the famous wound was ?

CATHERINE. (*showing left arm*) Here !

NAPOLEON. You allow me ?

CATHERINE. Oh, the salute to the wounded is always in order. (*he starts to continue. She rises*) But you needn't look any further ; there are no more wounds, your Majesty !

NAPOLEON. (*gaily*) Bah ! I was only paying the lieutenant's debts.

CATHERINE. (*releasing herself and making a curtsey back to audience*) I acquit the Emperor.

NAPOLEON. (*rising—serious*) You are right, Duchess ! And Lefebvre must find the time long in passing ; the whole palace sleeps. (*rising*) I will have you escorted through the deserted halls. Do not fail to be at the hunt to-morrow. I will speak to you there in such a way that none will doubt the manner in which I desire you to be treated ! (*going up* C.) Roustan ! (*enter* ROUSTAN, R. 3. *To* ROUSTAN) Go to the guard-room and call one of the officers on duty. (CATHERINE *takes her pelisse from sofa, is about to put it on. when* NAPOLEON *says*) Allow me. (ROUSTAN *crosses stage to obey the Emperor's order.* NAPOLEON *goes down to* CATHERINE *and is about to assist her to replace her pelisse on her shoulders.* ROUSTAN *stops short after having passed the double door at* R., *listens, then half opens the* L. *half of door to listen.* NAPOLEON *turns around and sees him*) Well, what's the matter ?

ROUSTAN. (*in a low voice*) Down-stairs . . . the door by the private staircase has just been opened.

NAPOLEON. At this hour. Take that light and see ! (ROUSTAN *comes down, noiselessly allowing the door to close partly, but it still remains ajar. He goes to table and takes the light.* NAPOLEON *suddenly changing his mind*) No, wait ! (*goes up and looks off* C. D. R.) Yes, some one is coming in this direction !

CATHERINE. (*down* R. *corner*) My God ! If it should be——

NAPOLEON. (*to* ROUSTAN) Take that light to my room . . . close the door and come at the first call. (*lights down—ready to work up.* ROUSTAN *obeys and exits with the light into the Emperor's room. The stage is in complete darkness*)

CATHERINE. (*anxious*) Your Majesty is going to—— (NAPOLEON *with an imperious gesture signs to her to be silent*)

NAPOLEON. (*coming down towards her and in a low voice, taking her left hand*) There . . . and silence ! (*he makes her seat herself on the sofa, the high back of the latter concealing them.* NAPOLEON *watches the door without being seen from it*)

SCENE II.—*The same,* MADAME DE BULOW, NEIPPERG. *The* L. *half of the* B. *door opens, and* MADAME BULOW *appears first, cautiously.* NAPOLEON *seats himself without losing sight of her. She comes a step into the room, examining the darkened study, which appears to her to be deserted, then risks two steps more down the study, listening first in the direction of* NAPOLEON'S *room, then in the direction of the ante-chamber at* L., *then reassured by the silence and the obscurity, she retraces her steps. As she passes the* R. *half of door she pushes it, leaving it half open, then makes a sign to* R. NEIPPERG *appears at* R. *wrapped in a cloak, hat in hand.* CATHERINE *starts, but is repressed by* NAPOLEON, *who has risen and turns corner of sofa and goes up* C., *while* MADAME BULOW *moves in the direction of the Empress' door, with* NEIPPERG, *who has not crossed the threshold, watching her movements, back to public. At the moment that* MADAME BULOW *touches the door of the Empress,* NAPOLEON *has reached* NEIPPERG, *roughly puts his right hand on* NEIPPERG'S *left shoulder and makes him pass below him to* L. *without turning him round*)

NAPOLEON. (*calling*) Roustan ! (*lights full up.* ROUSTAN *hurries in with the light, which he places on the small table above sofa*)

MADAME BULOW. (*terrified, leaning against the* R. *doorpost of Empress' door*) The Emperor !

NAPOLEON. (*to* NEIPPERG, *whose face is fully lighted up by the light on small table*) Neipperg !

CATHERINE. (*to herself*) Ah ! unhappy man !

NAPOLEON. (*in rumbling tones, shaking with repressed rage*) You ? . . . At this hour ? . . . here . . . you ! . . . (*business of sword. To* ROUSTAN, *indicating* MADAME BULOW) Take this woman to my room ! (ROUSTAN *opens the door of Emperor's room* R. 2. MADAME BULOW, *terrified, makes a supplicating gesture to the Emperor, who with his hand points to his door*)

NEIPPERG. (*up* L. C. *As* MADAME BULOW *exits*) I swear that Madame——

NAPOLEON. (C. *Interrupting*) It well becomes you to speak for her ! (MADAME BULOW *disappears into the Emperor's room and* ROUSTAN *closes the door on her, then closes door at* B., *to the* R. *of which he then remains, attentive and immovable*)

NAPOLEON. (*continuing without interrupting and still in a low voice, so as not to be heard outside. Pale with anger*)

Speak for yourself ! And explain to me your presence at night, at that door.

NEIPPERG. (*resolutely, but politely, also in a low voice*) I did not wish to leave without bidding farewell to the Empress.

NAPOLEON. Really . . . at midnight ?

NEIPPERG. Your Majesty did not give me the choice of the hour at which I should receive the orders of *my* Sovereign.

NAPOLEON. And what orders have you to receive from the Empress ?

NEIPPERG. (*crosses* R. C. *front of sofa*) Those which she alone has the right to dictate to me. (CATHERINE *goes up* R. *and over to* L. C.)

NAPOLEON. Do you dare ?

NEIPPERG. (*passes before* NAPOLEON, *and goes down* R. *to the corner of the sofa.* NAPOLEON *follows him*) I am neither the subject nor the valet of your Majesty ! I am a General in the service of his Imperial and Sacred Majesty Francis of Austria, and in that character I owe all my devotion to the Archduchess Marie Louise, to her alone.

NAPOLEON. And it is in that character you assume the right to clandestinely enter her apartments—at midnight ? Well, as I have surprised you at her door at night, I have the right to treat you as a thief caught in the act and have you quietly put out of the way, thus smother all scandal.

NEIPPERG. You have the power.

NAPOLEON. And I will use it ! (*to* ROUSTAN) Roustan, call your men !

CATHERINE. (*coming down* L. C.—*terrified*) Oh ! Sire. Not that ! Not that ! (ROUSTAN *goes towards door at* R. 3. *Stops at* CATHERINE'S *cries*)

NAPOLEON. (*to* ROUSTAN) Go ! (ROUSTAN *opens door and makes a sign to his men, then he returns above sofa, arms crossed*)

Two Mamelukes enter from door R. 3 *and come down* R. *of sofa.*

CATHERINE. (*terrified, clinging to* NAPOLEON) Sire ! Sire ! . . . I am pleading for your honor ! . . . In pity for those who love you, not that ! . . . not that !

NAPOLEON. Enough ! (*to* ROUSTAN) Take Monsieur away ! (*Mamelukes advance one step*)

CA' HERINE. If they move a step I'll scream ! (*all stop short*)

NAPOLEON. (*furious, in centre*) Do you dare ?

CATHERINE. (*crosses over to* L. *of table, then goes up stage and over to* C.) I'll scream I'll call !—I'll wake the Empress. (*at Empress' door*)

NAPOLEON. On guard! (*goes up to* CATHERINE, *standing in front of door* L. E.)

CATHERINE. And every one in the palace and I'll say to them: "Don't let your Emperor—your God—assassinate a defenceless man. . . . Don't let him give the enemies of his glory a chance to call him a murderer!

NAPOLEON. Silence this woman and let us finish.

CATHERINE. (*suffocating and weeping, crosses over to* L. *of table, then moves up stage and over to* C.) Sire, Sire—mercy! (*kneels* C, *before* NAPOLEON. ROUSTAN'S *two men advance to* NEIPPERG, *who checks them with a gesture*)

NEIPPERG. (*comes down*) Treat me like a soldier, at least. And since I am to be assassinated have me shot in the same cowardly manner as you did the Duke of Enghien.

NAPOLEON. (*beside himself*) It would be too much honor for a wretch who has degraded himself by insulting me and who deserves to have his aiguillettes torn off and used as a whip across his face. (*he tears off* NEIPPERG'S *aiguillettes. He makes the motion.* NEIPPERG *bounds backward and draws his sword*) Do it if you dare!

CATHERINE. (*rising and coming down* L. C.) Help! Help! (CATHERINE, *forgotten by* ROUSTAN, *who throws himself on* NEIPPERG, *passing above the sofa with his two men, runs before the Emperor and stays his arm. Thrown down by the Mamelukes,* NEIPPERG *rolls across the floor struggling with them. He falls on his knees with his left fist clinched at* NAPOLEON, *he is held by a Mameluke on each side and* ROUSTAN *who holds him by the shoulders. The struggle is rather short.* CANOUVILLE, LAURISTON *and* MORTEMART *rush in from* L. *at the outcry.* CATHERINE *repulsed by* NAPOLEON *comes before the centre chair*)

SCENE III.—CANOUVILLE *and* LAURISTON *enter from* L.

NEIPPERG. (*breathlessly—held to the floor*) A true Corsican would have drawn his knife! You cowards! (*to the Mamelukes*)

NAPOLEON. (*showing him the aiguillettes*) I ought to have you strangled with these! . . . But out of respect for your master, I abstain. (*crossing to* L. *of table. Throws them across the room. To* CANOUVILLE) This gentleman has drawn his sword against the Emperor. Summon Savary and Lefebvre. . . . See that he pays the penalty with his life before the dawn. (CATHERINE *drops on the chair.* LAURISTON *and* MORTEMART *take a step towards* L. *door looking at* NEIPPERG *as*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

NO INTERMISSION.

SCENE I.—*The Emperor's study. Same scenery as in Act II. Night. The candles and the fire are expiring. At* R. *are* MESSIEURS DE MORTEMART *and* CANOUVILLE *without their hats; they are conversing in a low voice looking at door at* L. *Crouched on the chair below the table,* CATHERINE *is sorrowfully absorbed, her chin between her hands, gazing at the fire. Her pelisse has remained on the sofa.* NEIPPERG'S *cloak has been thrown on the small table above sofa. His sword is still on the Emperor's table.* MONSIEUR DE LAURISTON *comes out of the Emperor's room, wearing his hat. He goes to the two officers. At the moment when he is about to speak they check him, showing him* CATHERINE. *After the exchange of a few words in an undertone,* CANOUVILLE *approaches her, passing above table.*

CANOUVILLE. (*advancing* C.) Will your Grace permit me to escort you to your apartments?

CATHERINE. Thank you, Captain. I'm waiting for Lefebvre; the Emperor has sent for him.

CANOUVILLE. (*ringing bell on table* L. *Bowing*) Do you not, Madame, feel the need of your pelisse?

CATHERINE. (*cross to* R. C.) You're very polite! Thank you, Captain. (*places* CATHERINE'S *cloak on her shoulders*) You are very kind. What time is it, please?

CONSTANT *enters from* L. 3 E. *with a lighted lamp, which he places at head of table* L.

CANOUVILLE. Two o'clock, Duchess. (*to* CONSTANT) Constant, see to the fire and place yourself at the orders of her Grace. (*goes up* R. *to* LAURISTON. CONSTANT *goes to fireplace* L. *and pokes fire*)

CATHERINE. (*crossing over to* L. *above table. Aside to* CONSTANT) Constant, is Monsieur de Neipperg still there? (*she indicates* L. *with her head*)

CONSTANT. (*low*) Yes, your Grace, he is guarded by Messieurs de Lavoestine and d'Aremberg, who have positive orders to allow no one to approach him.

CATHERINE. (*low*) Do me a favor! Go and find Fouche for me. If he's in bed, drag him out and hurry him here. I want to speak to him while the Emperor is in his room.

CONSTANT. (*rising. Low*) Very well, your Grace! But if the Emperor should learn of this?

CATHERINE. (*low*) Don't you worry about that. I'll be responsible.

CONSTANT. (*low*) Then I'll go!

CATHERINE. (*low*) And hurry, that's a good man. (*goes down* L. *front of table. He crosses, passes above the sofa, taking the light, which is nearly out, and exit by door at* R. 1, *after* LEFEBVRE *has entered.* LEFEBVRE *goes below sofa, and receives a military salute from the officers*)

CATHERINE. Ah! Lefebvre! (*she comes below table*)

LEFEBVRE. (*full of business*) Where is the Emperor?

LAURISTON. (*saluting*) The Emperor is in his room, Marshal.

LEFEBVRE. (*anxious*) Will you please announce me, Monsieur Lauriston?

LAURISTON *enters Emperor's room* R. 3, LEFEBVRE *and* CATHERINE *cross to each other.* CATHERINE *takes his hand.*

LEFEBVRE. (*in a low tone*) I was beginning to get impatient. What is wrong? Has he heard of the scene of this evening?

CATHERINE. (*low*) Oh! if it was nothing worse——

LEFEBVRE. (*low*) Why, what is it?

CATHERINE. (*low, bringing him down to front* C.) Neipperg came back!—to-night!

LEFEBVRE! (*low*) Impossible!

CATHERINE. (*lower still*) And, just as I was leaving, the Emperor surprised him.

LEFEBVRE. (*low*) Where?

CATHERINE. (*pointing to* B.) There, at the door of——

LEFEBVRE. (*with a violent start*) What?—the woman, then . . . was the——

CATHERINE. (*quickly*) Sh!

LEFFBVRE. (*thunderstruck*) The devil! . . . What followed?

CATHERINE. Oh! there was an awful scene! . . . At last, the Emperor, who was furious, tore off his aiguillettes. . . . Neipperg drew his sword——

LEFEBVRE. (*thunderstruck*) Against the Emperor?

CATHERINE. (*low*) Yes.

LEFEBVRE. (*low*) He's lost! The Emperor has sent for me to have him shot!

CATHERINE. (*low*) I know.

LEFEBVRE. (*low*) Damnation! That duty to fall to me! (LAURISTON *appears at* R. 2)

LAURISTON. Marshal, the Emperor awaits you.

LEFEBVRE. (*to* LAURISTON) I am coming. (*goes up a step*)

CATHERINE. (*low, following him*) Refuse!

LEFEBVRE. (*low, with a gesture of desolation*) You

know I cannot! (*exits into Emperor's room* R. 3, *saluted by the three officers.* LAURISTON *exits after* LEFEBVRE)

CATHERINE. He's right, he can't do anything! (*turning up* L.) If I could only let Neipperg know that I am still here. He'd understand that I'm working for him! His cloak? . . . (*aloud to* CANOUVILLE) Pardon, Captain, excuse me, won't you? You were kind enough to help me on with my pelisse, won't you take Monsieur Neipperg his cloak? It's fearfully cold this morning and he must feel the want of it!

CANOUVILLE. You are right, your Grace! I am vexed at myself for not having thought of it. (*he takes the cloak and exits* L. 3, *leaving the door open behind him, passing above* CATHERINE, *who goes up to and in front of left bookcase*)

CATHERINE. (*looking from a distance through the open door*) He didn't even look up! He's thinking of her! . . . Ah! he's standing up! My God! what can he have fancied? That they had come to fetch him to—— Poor fellow! . . . Ah! I think he saw me then.

CANOUVILLE *enters* L. 3.

CANOUVILLE. Madame, Monsieur de Neipperg understood that it was to you he owed the attention. See, he is signalling his thanks.

CATHERINE. (*feelingly*) Yes! (*she nods to him,* NEIPPERG *trying at the same time to smile. She comes down a step while* CANOUVILLE *closes the door. To herself*) At all events he'll know that his friends haven't forsaken him! (*enter* CONSTANT *and* FOUCHE. R. 2 E. CONSTANT *exits after* FOUCHE *has entered, closing doors after him. Crossing* R. C. *to meet* FOUCHE. *In a low voice*) Ah! my dear Duke, forgive me for dragging you out at this hour!

FOUCHE. Pray, don't apologize, I was up.

LAURISTON. (*entering from* R. 3. *Opening the Emperor's door*) Monsieur! the Emperor has sent for us.

FOUCHE. (*to* CATHERINE) Excuse me! (*to* CANOUVILLE) Monsieur Canouville, will you kindly inform His Majesty that I am here, quite at his orders?

CANOUVILLE. Immediately, your Grace! (LAURISTON *and* CANOUVILLE *exit* R. 3 E.)

FOUCHE. As I said, I was up and waiting, not without anxiety on your account.

CATHERINE. (*sadly*) Oh! my troubles are over . . . but that poor fellow's are not.

FOUCHE. You refer to Monsieur de Neipperg, of course.

CATHERINE. Ah! you know——

FOUCHE. That his case is desperate. . . . The Emperor has summoned the Duke of Dantzig and Savary to have him shot.

CATHERINE. (*looking at him anxiously and taking his hand*) Well, it was to prevent that I sent for you.

FOUCHE. For me!

CATHERINE. (*supplicating*) Yes! . . .

FOUCHE. (*icily*) Duchess, there is nothing in this affair that calls for my interference. I understand your wish to save Neipperg, who is your friend, of course . . . but——

CATHERINE. The Emperor's my friend, too, and I want to save him from a crime.

FOUCHE. (*taking snuff*) Worse than a crime . . . a blunder!

CATHERINE. (*continuing*) And there's the Empress, too. I don't care much for her, but she's our sovereign, after all, and her disgrace is ours.

FOUCHE. Very fine sentiments, but they are purely personal. My interest, as a practical man, lies in an entirely opposite direction.

CATHERINE. (*protesting*) Oh!

FOUCHE. Entirely opposite! Neipperg is not a friend of mine, what is his death to me? The Empress detests me, her honor may seek another champion! Rovigo has taken my place, his ruin would delight me. I warned the Emperor that his marriage would end badly! He punished me. It has ended badly! I am avenged!

CATHERINE. (*seats herself on sofa, shrugging her shoulders and allows her pelisse to fall on the sofa*) There's a man that pretends he's clever talking of revenge.

FOUCHE. (*snuffing*) Why not?

CATHERINE. Oh, bosh! Revenge is good enough for fools. But what use is it? Clever people don't go looking for revenge unless there's something in it for them.

FOUCHE. (*with satisfaction*) Well, in this case there's the——

CATHERINE. Satisfaction, eh?

FOUCHE. That's something, isn't it?

CATHERINE. (*mockingly*) Oh, certainly! Lots! Now look here, Fouche, you're after Savary's job, but suppose he does lose it, what good will it do you if you don't get it?

FOUCHE. (*places hat on table*) Oh! I'm not pig-headed! Just show me that it's to my interest to convert my hatred into friendship and I'm with you!

CATHERINE. (*coming close to him*) Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face!

FOUCHE. Could you make your meaning a little plainer?

CATHERINE. (*lowering her voice*) Why, it's as plain as daylight. To-morrow the Empress'll raise the *devil* to clear herself—she'll swear that Neipperg's crazy, and that she's as pure as snow, and it'll all wind up with the Em-

peror's going down on his knees to the Empress and begging her pardon! A clever man like you don't need to be told that it always ends that way, when one loves a woman!

FOUCHE. (*smiling*) It often does! (*in chair* R. *of sofa*)

CATHERINE. It always does! Save Neipperg, by swearing to the Emperor by all the saints that his wife's innocent! She'll be grateful to you to-morrow for being the first to defend her. So will the Emperor, because you believed it before him. There, at one stroke, you get her gratitude, his confidence and Savary's job! Without risking that much. (*flips her thumb nail against her teeth*) There's your game!

FOUCHE. Now that's well reasoned out.

CATHERINE. (*quickly taking his hands*) Well, then, let's save Neipperg between us? Is it a bargain?

FOUCHE. Well! eh?

CATHERINE. (*insisting*) Come now, is it settled? Say yes. (CATHERINE *pulls him on sofa*)

FOUCHE. Well, then . . . yes! we'll do it. (*on sofa*)

CATHERINE. (*joyfully*) Good for you! Then to begin. First, then, we must——

FOUCHE. Delay the execution.

CATHERINE. How?

FOUCHE. Oh, we can do nothing without the Emperor's consent. But just let me have five minutes' talk with him and I'll show him that he'll cover himself with ridicule if he has Neipperg summarily executed. I'll tell him that all Paris will say he caught Neipperg in the arms of the Empress.

CATHERINE. (*meaningly*) Just so!

FOUCHE. Only let him dismiss Savary and I'll clear the Empress easily enough.

CATHERINE. How?

FOUCHE. (*quietly without gestures*) Instead of executing Neipperg in the night as if he were a gallant trapped by a jealous husband, we'll have him shot in broad daylight as a conspirator caught by the police.

CATHERINE. (*affrighted*) Shot?

FOUCHE. (*still quietly*) Wait a minute! He has conspired, so much is acknowledged. Hence he must have accomplices, and, to give an air of truth to the fable, we must make a show of examining into the . . . conspiracy. This will make it necessary to postpone the execution and to imprison Neipperg in the Temple. The Empress proves her innocence . . . the Austrian Ambassador intervenes! The Emperor is appeased . . . Augustus pardons Cinna . . . if not, Cinna escapes thanks to me. . . . And there you are.

CATHERINE. (*stupefied*) But there isn't any conspiracy!

FOUCHE. Oh! yes, there are always conspiracies! A police department that respects itself has always one, at least, up its sleeve to spring upon the world for its own purposes. . . . I have two in reserve.

CATHERINE. But won't some poor wretch suffer?

FOUCHE. I dare say. For form's sake, we shall have to arrest a few people of no importance. But we won't have proofs enough to hold them long. And yet—who knows? We may stumble on some proofs . . . that would be a great joke. . . . In any case, Neipperg will be saved. (*rising and taking her hand*)

CATHERINE. (*crossing to chair front of table* L.) You'll lose no time, will you?

FOUCHE. (*cross* L.) I will write out the details of my little conspiracy for the Emperor's edification at once. (*he installs himself at the table, seated on chair at* R. *of it, and enters some notes on the pages of his pocket-book, using a pen*)

LAURISTON *enters, followed by* CANOUVILLE *below* LAURISTON, R. 3.

CANOUVILLE. Say also that the hunt is countermanded. (*exit* LAURISTON, L. 3. *To* FOUCHE) Has not the Duke of Rovigo arrived?

FOUCHE. Not yet! . . . as you see.

CANOUVILLE. The Emperor is impatient. (*takes a step up*)

FOUCHE. (*rising*) No wonder! Did you inform His Majesty that I awaited his orders?

CANOUVILLE. Yes, Duke. His Majesty made no answer.

FOUCHE. Ah! Will you be kind enough to explain that it is of the utmost importance that he should grant me a private audience? It is a most urgent matter. (*confidentially*) A conspiracy!

CANOUVILLE. I will communicate your request to him immediately. (*door* R. 2 *is opened. Exit* R. 3. FOUCHE *returns before the chair*)

FOUCHE. (*to* CATHERINE) If the Emperor will only receive me and if that fool, Savary, delay another ten minutes. (CONSTANT *enters* R. 2, *showing* SAVARY, *then exits closing doors after him*) I will supplant him and arrange everything. (*seats himself*)

CATHERINE. (*at table* L. *Sorrowfully*) Here he is!

FOUCHE. Confound him!

SAVARY. (*crossing to* C. *He enters, anxious and out of breath*) Ah! The Emperor's not here?

CATHERINE. No, Duke.

FOUCHE. (*turning around and pointing to* R. 3 *with his pen*) The Emperor is in his room.

SAVARY. (*starts toward door* R. 3, *then returns to* C. *Anxiously in a low voice*) Can you tell me what's amiss? Why has he sent for me? . . . (*to* FOUCHE) Do you know?

FOUCHE. (*turning round again, raising his head*) How can I be expected to know if the Minister of Police does not! I have heard *Monsieur de Neipperg's* name vaguely mentioned.

SAVARY. Neipperg! That's ancient history. He's far from here.

FOUCHE. Tell the Emperor so! It will please him mightily! (*commences to write again*)

SAVARY. Does he doubt it?

FOUCHE. Possibly!

SAVARY. Well, if that's all . . . I will reassure him. (*moves towards the Emperor's door as* LEFEBVRE *is leaving it.* LEFEBVRE *enters* R. 3. CATHERINE *rises to meet him*)

LEFEBVRE. Ah! Savary! At last! . . . Go in, quick, the Emperor is very much put out at your delay. (*going down to* CATHERINE, R.)

SAVARY. I will calm him with one word! (*exit* R. 3)

FOUCHE. (*to himself, while* SAVARY *enters the Emperor's room*) I'm sorry that I shan't be there to hear you.

CATHERINE. (*to* LEFEBVRE, *quickly*) Well?

LEFEBVRE. (*pale with emotion, wiping his forehead*) Well, there will be no court-martial and no trial. Savary's carriage will come for Neipperg with four police agents, who will deliver him over to the firing party, which I am now forming. We shall await him at the Chapelle gate. He will be executed by lamp-light. . . . The sappers will dig a grave at the foot of a tree and in one hour . . . all will be over. . . . There you are! . . . And I shall have to see to everything. Damnation take it! It had to fall to me. (*throwing hat on sofa*)

CATHERINE. And didn't you say anything to the Emperor?

LEFEBVRE. Of course I did. But do you suppose he listened? In that voice of his, which so many have trembled at, he said, "Be silent!" . . . and I obeyed.

FOUCHE. But did not Canouville tell him that I had information of the utmost importance to impart?

LEFEBVRE. More, he spoke of a conspiracy!

CATHERINE. Yes!

FOUCHE. Well?

LEFEBVRE. The Emperor shrugged his shoulders. "Just like Fouche! Always ready with a conspiracy—hoping to make himself useful. Tell him I have no use for him or his conspiracy."

CATHERINE. (*anxiously looking at* FOUCHE) Why then?

FOUCHE. The game's up! . . . And not a word about the Empress?

LEFEBVRE. (*moving to* R.) Not a syllable.

CATHERINE. (C.) To think she don't even dream of what's going on! There she is, sleeping away, while they're murdering Neipperg on her account.

FOUCHE. (L. C.) Has Madame de Bulow been arrested?

CATHERINE. If she hadn't been, I'd have warned the Empress before this! She's the only one can save the poor fellow now!

LEFEBVRE. (R. C.) How?

CATHERINE. Blessed if I know. She dug the pit . . . let her get out of it. Anyway, I'm going.

LEFEBVRE. Where?

CATHERINE. (*going up* C.) To the Empress.

LEFEBVRE. You? Why, she hardly knows you!

CATHERINE. Well, she'll make my acquaintance.

LEFEBVRE. What will you say to her?

CATHERINE. I'll say, "Come, come, stir yourself about a bit, you!"

LEFEBVRE. Are you mad?

FOUCHE. You'd better tone it down a bit!

LEFEBVRE. You can't speak to her like that.

CATHERINE. Can't I? Why not?

LEFEBVRE. Just think of the audacity!

CATHERINE. Hang the audacity!

LEFEBVRE. And if the Emperor hears of it——

CATHERINE. He won't have you shoot me, will he? Anyhow, I don't care whether I'm shot for it or not, I'm going.

LEFEBVRE. Catherine!

FOUCHE. (*holding him back by a gesture*) Bah! Let her go. CATHERINE *opens door at* B., *discovering* ROUSTAN *standing motionless on guard before the Empress' door*)

LEFEBVRE. (*low*) Roustan! (C. *doors close from back*)

FOUCHE. (*goes down* L. *of table*) The Emperor has foreseen everything.

CATHERINE. (*despairingly*) That settles it. . . . It was our last chance. (*in chair* L. C.)

FOUCHE. (L. *of table. Leaning on table*) Perhaps not. There still remains . . . an escape. If the Marshal will but consent.

LEFEBVRE. (C. *Quickly*) Say no more, my dear Duke! The commander of the palace cannot listen to you. (*taking hat from sofa and putting it on*) I must leave you now to carry out the Emperor's orders. . . . If during my absence the prisoner escapes without my connivance, that is your affair and his and Savary's. . . . Once Neipperg has been delivered over to my men, I shall remember

nothing but my duty as a soldier, and I shall do it to the bitter end ! No matter how degrading it may be. (CATHERINE *rises and throws herself into* LEFEBVRE'S *arms*) If you can spare me that sorrow, your joy will not be greater than my own . . . but, until then . . . I will not hear a word ! . . . I cannot. I must not know anything. (*goes out hurriedly at* L. 3. CATHERINE *rises and watches him as he leaves, then goes over to chair* L. *corner*)

FOUCHE. (L. *of table*) Well, we'll manage without him !

CATHERINE. (*quickly*) Have you a plan ? (*coming down* L. *of table*)

FOUCHE. It's none of the best ! But we have no choice. Neipperg is there, is he not ? (*indicating* L.)

CATHERINE. (*very sorrowfully*) Yes.

FOUCHE. And beyond lies the main vestibule. . . . How many are guarding him ?

CATHERINE. (*sorrowfully*) Three, I think. (*back to audience*)

FOUCHE. (*surprised, taken aback*) Three ? . . . Well, we'll try ! . . . Does he know your handwriting ?

CATHERINE. (*sorrowfully*) Yes.

FOUCHE. Please write what I dictate. (*he takes a pad of white paper, which he hands to her on a portfolio, also the pen, which is dipped in a small bronze inkstand*)

CATHERINE. (*seated on extreme* L. *chair, prepares to write on her knees, at the same time wiping her eyes*) Not too fast—writing ain't my strong point !

FOUCHE. Are you ready ?

CATHERINE. Yes !

FOUCHE. (*dictating*) "Appear oblivious to your surroundings. . . . In an instant . . . a man will come to you——" (*interrupting himself, speaking to* CATHERINE) One of my men !

CATHERINE. (*writing all the time and wiping her eyes*) Yes. I understand !

FOUCHE. (*continuing slowly*) ". . . under pretext of having an order . . . for the officers on guard . . . to sign." (*looks at her spelling and smiles to himself*)

CATHERINE. Oh ! why wouldn't he listen to me !

FOUCHE. (*continuing to dictate*) ". . . Seize the opportunity . . . to rush out of the room . . . take the corridor to the right." No, no, corri—corridor.

CATHERINE. Wait ! I can't see what I'm writing ! . . . (*wipes her eyes.* FOUCHE *stops a moment, a pause*) There —I'm all right again now.

FOUCHE. (*dictating again*) "And fly—to the apartments of the Duchess of Dantzig !—where friends will join you."

CATHERINE. (*discouraged*) Oh! Lord, it's a risky business!

FOUCHE. Yes! . . . But it's the only hope. Now to let him have this at once!

CATHERINE. Under the eyes of those men?

FOUCHE. (*snuffing*) Yes! How can we manage it? Let me think!

CATHERINE. (*putting her handkerchief back into her pocket*) Wait! . . . I think I've got it! . . . (*placing written sheet underneath*)

FOUCHE. What?

CATHERINE. Call one of the officers!

FOUCHE. (*going up to door* L. 3.) I see your plan! Monsieur de Lauriston.

LAURISTON. (*entering from* R.) Duke! (FOUCHE, *pointing to* CATHERINE)

FOUCHE. The Duchess has a word to say to you. (*comes down* L. LAURISTON *comes down* C.)

CATHERINE. Monsieur Lauriston, the Emperor at my request will permit Monsieur de Neipperg to write a farewell letter to his mother. Please give him this from me. (*pointing to the quire of paper on the portfolio, slight hesitation on the part of* LAURISTON, *who looks at* FOUCHE)

FOUCHE. (*placing the bronze inkstand on top of all and handing all to* LAURISTON) And this.

LAURISTON. At once, your Grace. (*exit* L. 3 E.)

CATHERINE. (*to* FOUCHE *in a low tone*) When he turns the page the first thing he'll see——

FOUCHE. (*low, coming down below table*) If they don't seeit first!

CATHERINE. (*going up to door* L. 3, *followed by* FOUCHE) Hark! let's listen. (*they listen*) I only hope what I said about his poor mother won't bring him bad luck! (*a pause*)

FOUCHE. Nothing! . . . All must be going well, or Lauriston would have been back by now! . . . Now, to do my part. Remain here awhile and listen . . . then, return to your apartments, where we will determine upon our next move. Courage, Duchess! (*crosses to* R. C.)

CATHERINE. (*squeezing his hand*) Oh! it's the suspense that kills. (*voices of* NAPOLEON *and* SAVARY *are heard* R. 3)

NAPOLEON. Come now! That's enough.

SAVARY. But, Sire! You know that my zeal——

NAPOLEON. Oh! You are always the same.

CATHERINE. The Emperor.

FOUCHE. I'm off! (*exit* L. 2.)

Enter SAVARY, NAPOLEON, CANOUVILLE, R. 3.

NAPOLEON. Now then do you understand?

SAVARY. Yes, Sire, and this time your Majesty shall be satisfied.

NAPOLEON. I hope so, for your sake. (SAVARY *bows and exits* L. *with* CANOUVILLE. NAPOLEON *comes down a step and perceives* CATHERINE, *who makes him a deep curtsey. Suspiciously*) Why are you still here, Madame?

CATHERINE. (L. C.) I was waiting for the Marshal, your Majesty, but now——

NAPOLEON. (*roughly*) Remain! . . . since chance has made you a witness of things which you should not have known. (*seized with a sudden idea*) And yet, perhaps, you have known of them for a long time!

CATHERINE. Who, me?

NAPOLEON. (*still roughly*) Yes. You never told me that Monsieur de Neipperg was one of your dearest friends?

CATHERINE. Your Majesty never asked me.

NAPOLEON. He called on you to-night to bid you farewell! . . . Don't say no—I have it from your husband.

CATHERINE. And why should I say no, yourMajesty?

NAPOLEON. (*coming quite close to her, a little above her*) No doubt he confided to you the cause of his exile!

CATHERINE. Not the real cause, Sire!

NAPOLEON. Did he not give you to understand that a woman was at the bottom of it?

CATHERINE. Yes, he told me that much.

NAPOLEON. Ah!

CATHERINE. But he didn't say who she was.

NAPOLEON. (*looking straight in her eyes*) Do not try, either by subterfuge or reticence, to evade the question! You are a plain-spoken, straightforward woman . . . answer me as such. From what Monsieur de Neipperg said, although he mentioned no one's name, did you not at least suspect?

CATHERINE. No, Sire!

NAPOLEON. It's incredible! (*goes up* C.)

CATHERINE. (L. C.) In—in—incredible or not, if I say no, it's . . . No!

NAPOLEON. Another woman has been less discreet than you. I mean the woman who had the impudence to conduct Monsieur de Neipperg here. I have questioned her.

CATHERINE. (*anxiously*) Ah! You questioned her?

NAPOLEON. (*coming down* C.) That troubles you, eh?

CATHERINE. Oh, no, no!

NAPOLEON. Well, while I wait for your confession, I will tell you hers. To-night, at eleven o'clock, Monsieur de Neipperg secretly found his way into the apartments of Madame de Bulow, to whom the Empress had already given her instructions. He said: "As soon as the Emperor has retired to his room, you will conduct me to the

Empress' apartments. She has particularly requested me not to leave without seeing her." (*the last words he strongly emphasizes*)

CATHERINE. Did De Bulow say that? After you'd frightened the life out of the poor woman she didn't know what she was saying. (C. *with back to audience*)

NAPOLEON. (*backing* CATHERINE *over to* R. *Observing her and becoming more and more irritated*) You know better . . . you were as well aware as she that Neipperg was expected to-night! . . . No matter how bold that man may be, he never would have spoken as he did, unless he was assured of his welcome! The extent to which his boldness has been permitted to advance I do not know, but you two women know it . . . Madame de Bulow and you. On that point she is silent . . . but you shall enlighten me!

CATHERINE. For mercy's sake, Sire! How should I know?

NAPOLEON. (*becoming more and more violent, hoarsely*) The truth, you hear! Whatever it may be . . . I want the truth. I, your Emperor, your master. I demand it . . . demand it . . . do you understand? (*he seizes her violently by the left arm.* CATHERINE *continuing the movement ends it facing the public at* R.)

CATHERINE. Your Majesty is hurting me! (*he withdraws his hand*)

NAPOLEON. Pardon me!

CATHERINE. Monsieur de Neipperg never said anything to me about what you suspect! . . . I swear it before God!

NAPOLEON. (*starting* L. *Violently*) You're no better than Madame de Bulow.

CATHERINE. Now see here-——

NAPOLEON. (*still violent*) Yes, and you see here. You're both lying! . . . Both of you. Your interests are identical, you both deny the infamy of which you are the accomplices. So as you're deceiving me, as that man will die without speaking, and as the Empress will deny everything, I shall never know to what extent she is guilty, nor for what crime I am punishing the one and must punish the other. The suspicious circumstances are all there. But not a single proof, thanks to you, miserable women. (*in chair in front of table* L. *A pause. Then in another tone*) 'Tis my fault. . . . I was too hasty. I should have waited there, in the darkness . . . allowed that man to enter the Empress' room and then surprised them. Their first cries would have condemned them! And the mere fact that the Empress received him and at midnight——

CATHERINE. (C. *Quickly*) Her Majesty would never have done that!

NAPOLEON. (*ironically*) Ah! really? . . . (*a pause*)

Well, it rests with me to make sure! . . . The Empress knows nothing of what has passed. . . . We'll see! we'll see! (CATHERINE *crosses to* R. *Goes up to door at* B *and calls in a low voice*) Roustan! (ROUSTAN *opens the door* C., *which remains open, and enters*) Bring Madame de Bulow to me. (ROUSTAN *enters the Emperor's room*, R. 3)

CATHERINE. (R. C. *Frightened*) Your Majesty is going to——

NAPOLEON. (C. *Coming to her*) —Take up the thread where it was dropped. . . . And the orders which the Empress may give will reveal to me all that is held from me . . . she, *herself*, will reveal it. (*goes up*)

CATHERINE. (*frightened, almost speechless*) Oh! Sire . . . it's unworthy of you! (*standing* R. C.)

NAPOLEON. You say? (*turns* C.)

CATHERINE. Just what I think . . . it's a mean underhand trick, and your Majesty ought to be above it.

NAPOLEON. Your fear is already running away with your tongue! (CATHERINE *remains silent.* NAPOLEON *goes up* C. ROUSTAN *enters* R. 3, *followed by* MAD. DE BULOW. ROUSTAN *crosses over to upper end of table* L. MAD. DE BULOW *remains* L. C. *at back making a curtsey to the Emperor. To* BULOW) Come here! Listen attentively! . . . You will go to the Empress' room, not by the door of the ladies-in-waiting, but by this one, of which you have the key. . . . You understand?

MAD. DE BULOW. Yes, Sire!

NAPOLEON. You will leave the door open so that I shall not lose sight of you; and you will say to the Empress, word for word, as I tell you: "Monsieur de Neipperg has not left, Madame, he is in the corridors and awaits your Majesty's orders!" . . . Go! and not another word, not a suspicious gesture. I shall watch you! (MAD. DE BULOW *goes up slowly to door at* R., *which she opens.* NAPOLEON *turns to* ROUSTAN) Lower the light! (*lower lights.* ROUSTAN *lowers the lamp which is on the table. The study becomes dark,* MAD. DE BULOW *opens the door of Empress' room with a key which she draws from the bosom of her dress. She leaves the* L. *door half wide open, then mounts the dais on which is the bed. The room is lit up by an unseen lamp, to* L. *is the bed of* MARIE LOUISE. MADAME DE BULOW *goes to the head of the bed. The Emperor observes her from the threshold of his study leaning against the door frame.* ROUSTAN *is motionless above the table.* CATHERINE *at* R. *attentive, rigid with anxiety*)

MARIE LOUISE. (*as if just awakened*) Who is? Is it you, Baroness?

MAD. DE BULOW. Yes, Madame. Monsieur de Neipperg has not left, he is in the corridor and awaits your Majesty's orders.

MARIE LOUISE. Ah! Very well! Wait! (CATHERINE *makes a movement, but is stopped by a terrible glance from the Emperor, who immediately resumes his watching of the Empress' room.* MARIE LOUISE *extends her bare arm, which appears issuing from a volume of lace. She takes a large letter from the table at the head of the bed, and hands it to the Baroness*) Give him this!

MAD. DE BULOW. Yes, Madame. (*she bows, comes down and closes behind her the door of the Emperor's room. Immediately after the door is closed the Emperor roughly takes the letter from her*)

NAPOLEON. (*harshly*) Go to your room. (*lights up.* BULOW *exits along corridor to* R., *while the Emperor comes down stage. The door falls to behind him, and* ROUSTAN *raises the light to its former brightness. The Emperor in the meantime has hurriedly approached the table. As soon as the light is turned up he reads the address*) "To His Majesty the Emperor of Austria." (*stupefied*) To her father! (*movement of hope on the part of* CATHERINE, *who instinctively approaches the Emperor. He reads, in chair* L. C.) "Sire and dearly loved Father:—As all my letters to you are opened by the present Minister of Police, to send you this one I have had recourse to the Count de Neipperg, to whose interest it is that it shall meet no other eyes but yours! Considering the bonds which unite our families, and our daily intercourse at Schoenbrun as sufficient authority for his actions, the Count de Neipperg has permitted himself to single me out for his compromising attentions. He has gone so far that the Emperor noticed them, and to-day, after having violently quarrelled with me, His Majesty ordered the Count to return to Vienna. (*rising*) I beg of you to see that, hereafter, he remains there, and that he never returns to France. By so doing, you will render a signal service to your submissive and loving daughter, Marie Louise." (*as he reads his face becomes softer and* CATHERINE'S *becomes smiling*)

CATHERINE, (*triumphant, coming to* C.) What did I tell you? Didn't I say there was nothing between them?

NAPOLEON. (*delighted*) Yes, Duchess, you were right. Besides, though all the suspicious circumstances were against her, I myself honestly believed in her innocence. (*crossing in front to* L. *of table*)

CATHERINE. (*to herself*) Well, if ever I heard the like of that. (*crossing to front of sofa* R.)

NAPOLEON. (*to* ROUSTAN) Call the officer on guard! (ROUSTAN *goes to door at* L., *opens it and makes a sign, then returns to near fireplace*)

CATHERINE. I shall not ask if your Majesty will pardon him.

NAPOLEON. (*refolding letter*) Of course I shall! He's passed a disagreeable quarter of an hour.

CANOUVILLE *enters* L.

CATHERINE. (*looking at* L. *door*) Which has lasted two hours at least.

NAPOLEON. (*to* ROUSTAN) Take this letter, reseal it and bring it back to me. (ROUSTAN *exits into Emperor's room with letter* R. 3. *To* ROUSTAN) Bring Monsieur de Neipperg here.

ROUSTAN. He is no longer in our hands, Sire.

CATHERINE. (*joyfully*) Hooray! He's got off.

CANOUVILLE. At least he attempted to—but he hardly crossed the threshold when he ran into the arms of the Duke of Rovigo's men, who were coming for him.

CATHERINE. (*terrified*) Oh, my God!

CANOUVILLE. They placed him in their carriage and drove off to the Chapelle gate.

CATHERINE. (*desolated*) They've shot him. (*on sofa* R.)

NAPOLEON. Unfortunate man! Run, Lefebvre! Where is Lefébvre?

CATHERINE. (*distracted*) Here he is.

Enter LEFEBVRE, L. LEFEBVRE, *afterwards* SAVARY. CATHERINE *on sofa* R.

NAPOLEON. Quick, dispatch a mounted guard at once. I pardon him.

LEFEBVRE. (*sadly*) Alas, too late, Sire. By this time all must be over. (*down* R.)

SAVARY. (*entering from* L., *eagerly and satisfied with himself*) Yes, Sire, all is over.

CATHERINE. Ah! (*she sinks on to the sofa, crying silently, her hand in* LEFEBVRE'S, *who had come to her*)

SAVARY. (*coming down to centre*) Your Majesty is avenged!

NAPOLEON. (*violently*) And who told you that I wished it?

SAVARY. (*disconcerted*) What?

NAPOLEON. (*violent*) The man is innocent.

SAVARY. I do not know.

NAPOLEON. (*violent*) You never know anything.

SAVARY. (*retreating a step*) At least I know two things, Sire, your orders and my zeal to execute them.

NAPOLEON. You never show any zeal except for this sort of work—and you're always in too great a hurry then. Remember the trench at Vincennes.

Enter FOUCHE, L.

SAVARY. (*again retreating*) Sire, what I have just done——

NAPOLEON. Is stupid. Fouche would never have done it. (*sits* L. *of table*)

FOUCHE. (*advancing to* C. *With face and manner appropriate to the occasion*) Ah! certainly not, Sire. I am too well aware that your Majesty, though prompt to just anger, is also prompt to clemency—that Cæsar's wrath is followed by the mercy of Augustus. (*with emotion*) Standing at the palace gate I saw Monsieur de Rovigo's carriage drive out. In it were four of the Duke's police agents with that unfortunate young man in charge. The agents, by the way, had formerly been under my orders. And I thought one word would save the Emperor from a great remorse. All that there was to say was, "Monsieur is free! His Majesty pardons him!"

NAPOLEON. Ah! Yes, you should have said so!

FOUCHE. (*wheedling*) But by what authority, Sire? Unless I could have added, "You have no further orders to receive from Monsieur de Rovigo! He is no longer Minister of Police. I am."

NAPOLEON. Ah! If you had only said it! 'Twould have been the truth! You *are* Minister of Police, Monsieur is so no longer. (SAVARY *starts*)

FOUCHE. And would your Majesty have overlooked such an anticipation of powers.

NAPOLEON. Undoubtedly!

FOUCHE. Then all is well, Sire! I did say those words.

NAPOLEON. Eh?

CATHERINE. (*standing, joyfully*) What?

FOUCHE. At this moment Monsieur de Neipperg is rolling on his way to Soissons in the carriage which His Grace the Duke of Rovigo has kindly left him. (ROUSTAN *enters from* R. 3 E. *with letter re-sealed.* FOUCHE goes to CATHERINE)

NAPOLEON. (*delighted*) By heaven, 'tis the act of a mastermind.

CATHERINE. (*pressing* FOUCHE'S *hand*) Ah! Well done, Fouche, well done!

NAPOLEON. (to SAVARY) A courier, quick; let him overtake Neipperg and give him that letter! It is for the Emperor of Austria. (ROUSTAN *hands letter to* SAVARY *and exits* R. 3)

CATHERINE. (*pointing to sword on the table*) And isn't your Majesty going to send him back his sword, please?

NAPOLEON. Certainly, certainly. On condition that he makes better use of it. (*he gives the sword to* CANOUVILLE, *who salutes and exits* L. CATHERINE *and* LEFEBVRE *converse below the sofa.* SAVARY *approaches* FOUCHE)

SAVARY. (*in a low tone, exasperated*) So, Sire, you have usurped my functions.

FOUCHE. (*opening his snuff-box to take a pinch*) All my dear Duke, all. (SAVARY, *very disconcerted, exits with the letter* L. 3, *after having saluted the Emperor, who turns his back on him*)

NAPOLEON. (L. C. *To* FOUCHE, *taking a pinch from* FOUCHE'S *snuff-box*) Fouche, you were risking much. Suppose I had not been disposed to pardon him.

FOUCHE. (R. C., *in a low voice*) I had taken my precautions, Sire. I should have caught my man again at Soissons. (*snuffs*)

NAPOLEON. (*taking* FOUCHE *by the ear—smiling and snuffing with* FOUCHE) Fouche, you think of everything. You are decidedly clever.

FOUCHE. (*gaily, aloud*) Still, Sire, I have found some one cleverer than I.

NAPOLEON. Who?

FOUCHE. (*indicating* CATHERINE) The Duchess!

NAPOLEON. (*passing to* CATHERINE *and pinching her ear.* FOUCHE *goes* R.) Yes! Yes! She's sly, but I love her well.

LEFEBVRE. (*delighted*) Then, Sire——

NAPOLEON. Treasure her, Marshal—you'll never find her equal. (*he bows over and kisses* CATHERINE'S *hand, then goes up* C.)

CATHERINE. (*to* LEFEBVRE) Ah! How about that divorce now, old man?

NAPOLEON. (*laughing and emphasizing her title*) Pleasant dreams, Duchess! Good-night, gentlemen. (*he goes up towards* B.)

CATHERINE. (*going up* C.; *curtsies*) The same to you, Sire. (*to* LEFEBVRE *at the moment when the Emperor is about to exit across the threshold*) Ouf! Let's go to bed. I've earned my rest. I feel as if I'd done *a hard day's wash.* (LEFEBVRE *takes* CATHERINE'S *pelisse and throws it over her shoulders, then takes his hat.* CATHERINE *gives her hand to* FOUCHE, *and* NAPOLEON *opens door at* R. *as the curtain falls*)

CURTAIN.

DULCY

Comedy in 3 acts. By George Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Produced originally at the Frazee Theatre, New York. 8 males, 3 females. 1 interior scene throughout. Modern costumes.

Dulcy is a bride. Her other name is Smith. In her determination to be helpful to her husband and her friends, she plans a week-end party at her home not far from New York. They are an ill-assorted group, such as only a Dulcinea could summon about her. The three acts reveal them just before and after dinner on the evening of their arrival and on the following morning. Their brief association becomes an unbroken series of hilarious tragedies. Meanwhile she has all but ruined her husband's plans to put through an important business merger with a rich capitalist. Among her guests is a rapturous scenario writer who conspires to elope with the daughter of the capitalist, who loathes motion pictures. The plausible rich young man from Newport, whom Dulcy invites, turns out to be a harmless escaped lunatic. The ex-convict, whom she has employed as a butler in her work of social uplift, steals a diamond necklace belonging to one of the guests. Everything goes wrong, including the bridge, the golf and the billiards—the last because Dulcy has disturbed the level of the table and misplaced the ivory balls. But the most exquisite torture she inflicts upon her hapless guests is when she invites the scenario writer to recite one of his hectic plots to interpretative music played at the piano by the lunatic. It is with this experience of Dulcy's bored guests that the play reaches its highest level of satirical fun. It is Dulcy's final blunder which unexpectedly crowns all her mistaken efforts with success. A comedy of spontaneous mirth.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

LOVE-IN-A-MIST

Play in 3 acts. By Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy) and Gilbert Emery. 3 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Modern costumes.

This is an especially interesting character study written by the accomplished author of "Tarnish" and the celebrated novelist who wrote "The Quick and the Dead." The chief character in this play is a charming society woman who consistently, though with the best motives, tells lies. Her incessant lying, especially to the man she loves, brings far more pain than if she had always told the truth. Eventually, however, Diana sees the error of her ways and will (perhaps) reform after she marries the man she is in love with. While there is plenty of comedy, the play contains a generous share of striking dramatic situations. A play for advanced amateurs.

(Royalty, fifty dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

THE FAMILY UPSTAIRS

Comedy of American life in 3 acts. By Harry Delf. Produced originally by Sam H. Harris at the Gaiety Theatre, New York. 4 males, 5 females. 1 interior. Modern costumes.

Joe Heller is a street-car inspector on $42.50 a week. Louise is his eldest daughter, an office worker, now aged twenty-one who hasn't managed to land a husband yet. Her mother's one anxiety is to get her properly married, while father's ambition is to get his son, Willie, to work. Sister Annabelle, the "kid sister" of the family, has one passion, and that is getting out of doing her piano lessons. It is a typical average American home that we look into: Annabelle practising on the tin-panny piano, Willie making a telephone date with a girl friend, father coming home from work in his uniform, fagged out, mother bossing, Annabelle's playing, everyone wanting dinner, and so forth. Charles Grant comes to call on Louise and after embarrassed introductions all around, he is left alone with her. They are in love with each other, and before the evening is out they are engaged. But mother puts her finger into the domestic pie. She tells the neighbors what a wonderful fellow Louise has won and that he is a big banker (in reality he is making $40 a week). And the game of bluff goes on. Having heard all this "propaganda," Grant begins to wonder what sort of a family he is getting into. There is an unhappy half-hour when the engagement seems to be off, and then Grant's mother appears on the scene. Mrs. Grant is just the bluffer that Mrs. Heller is, and both see through all the bluffs and discount them. Everything ends happily.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

A FULL HOUSE

A farcical comedy in 3 acts. By Fred Jackson. 7 males, 7 females. 1 interior scene. Modern costumes.

Imagine a reckless and wealthy youth who writes ardent love letters, an attorney brother-in-law who steals them and then gets his hand bag mixed up with the grip of a burglar who has just stolen a valuable necklace from the mother of the indiscreet youth, and the efforts of the crook to recover his plunder, as incidents in the story of a play in which the swiftness of the action never halts for an instant. Not only are the situations screamingly funny but the lines themselves hold a fund of humor.

"Uncorks a laugh a second." N. Y. Press.

"Hustling, bustling, reckless fun." N. Y. American.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

THE CHARM SCHOOL

Comedy in 3 acts. By Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. Produced originally at the Bijou Theatre in New York. 6 males, 10 females. (May be played by 5 males and 3 females). Any number of school girls may be used in the ensembles. 2 interior scenes. Modern costumes.

The story of "The Charm School" is familiar to Mrs. Miller's readers. It relates the adventures of a handsome young automobile salesman scarcely out of his 'teens who, upon inheriting a girls' boarding school from a maiden aunt, insists on running it himself, according to his own ideas, chief of which is, by the way, that the dominant feature in the education of the young girl of today should be CHARM.

The situations that arise are teeming with humor—clean, wholesome humor. In the end the young man gives up the school and promises to wait until the most precocious of his pupils reaches a marriageable age. The freshness of youth, the charm of originality, and the wholesome pleasant entertainment embodied in this play make it one of the most popular on our list. We strongly recommend it for high school production.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

CLARENCE

A comedy in 4 acts. By Booth Tarkington. 5 males, 5 females. 2 interior scenes. Modern costumes.

Clarence has no medals, no shoulder bars, no great accomplishment. One of the "five million," he served where he was sent—though it was no further than Texas. As an entomologist he found —on this side of the ocean—no field for his specialty in the great war. So they set him to driving mules.

Now, reduced to civil life and seeking a job, he finds a position in the home of one Wheeler, a wealthy Englewood man with a family. And because he'd "been in the army" he becomes guide, philosopher and friend to the members of the same agitated and distracted family group. Clarence's position is an anomalous one. He mends the bathroom plumbing, he tunes the piano, he types—off stage—he plays the saxophone. And around him revolves such a group of characters as only Booth Tarkington could offer. It is a real American comedy; and the audience ripples with appreciative and delighted laughter.

"It is as American as 'Huckleberry Finn' or pumpkin pie." N. Y. Times.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

LOUDER, PLEASE

A comedy in 3 acts. By Norman Krasna. Produced originally at the Masque Theatre, New York. 12 males, 3 females. 1 interior scene. Modern costumes.

The breathless and amusing comedy has to do with the efforts of Criterion Pictures to keep one of its stars, Polly Madison, before the public gaze, and Press Agent Herbert White is called in to promote the necessary ballyhoo. He conceives the brilliant but ancient idea of having Polly get "lost at sea" in a motor boat. There is a law making it a punishable crime to fake a false news report to the press, but what is a law to Herbert if he can get over the necessary publicity? He broadcasts the news that Polly has strangely disappeared and is lost at sea. Consequently the forces of the law get busy, the Coast Guard sends out a fleet of airplanes to rescue the lost film star, with the result that the front pages of the papers are loaded with stories of the frantic search for the actress, and the world at large is on its ear. Detective Bailey becomes suspicious of the fake and puts the Criterion staff through a stiff third degree. A prison cell looms up for Herbert White and he has to resort to the most desperate measures to make the fake story appear true.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

SKIDDING

Comedy in 3 acts. By Aurania Rouverol. Produced originally at the Bijou Theatre, New York. 5 males, 5 females. 1 interior. Modern costumes.

A fresh, sincere picture of American family life, showing Marion Hardy, a modern college girl who falls ecstatically in love with Wayne Trenton just as a career is opening up to her, and the difficulties she has in adjusting her romance. Then there are the two pretty young daughters who chose to marry before they finished their education and want to "come home to Mother" at the first sign of trouble. Mother Hardy is so upset at the modern tendencies of her daughters, that she goes on strike in order to straighten out her family. Young Andy Hardy is an adorable adolescent lad with his first "case"—a typical Booth Tarkington part. He keeps the audience in a gale of merriment with his humorous observances. Grandpa Hardy touches the heart with his absent-mindedness and his reminiscences about Grandma; and the white satin slippers he makes for Marion to be married in, have a great deal to do with straightening out her love affair. Humor is blended with pathos and a deliciously garnished philosophy makes "Skidding" more significant than the average comedy. It is life. "Skidding" is one of our most popular plays for High School production.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

THE MIDDLE WATCH

A farcical comedy in 3 acts. By Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall. Produced originally at the Times Square Theatre, New York. 9 males, 6 females. Modern costumes and naval uniforms. 2 interior scenes.

During a reception on board H. M. S. "Falcon," a cruiser on the China Station, Captain Randall of the Marines has become engaged to Fay Eaton, and in his enthusiasm induces her to stay and have dinner in his cabin. This is met with stern disapproval by Fay's chaperon, Charlotte Hopkinson, who insists that they leave at once. Charlotte, however, gets shut up in the compass room, and a gay young American widow accepts the offer to take her place, both girls intending to go back to shore in the late evening. Of course, things go wrong, and they have to remain aboard all night. By this time the Captain has to be told, because his cabin contains the only possible accommodations, and he enters into the conspiracy without signalling the Admiral's flagship. Then the "Falcon" is suddenly ordered to sea, and the Admiral decides to sail with her. This also makes necessary the turning over to him of the Captain's quarters. The presence of the ladies now becomes positively embarrassing. The girls are bundled into one cabin just opposite that occupied by the Admiral. The game of "general-post" with a marine sentry in stockinged feet is very funny, and so are the attempts to explain matters to the "Old Man" next morning. After this everything ends both romantically and happily.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

NANCY'S PRIVATE AFFAIR

A comedy in 3 acts. By Myron C. Fagan. Produced originally at the Vanderbilt Theatre, New York. 4 males, 5 females. 2 interior scenes. Modern costumes.

Nothing is really private any more—not even pajamas and bedtime stories. No one will object to Nancy's private affair being made public, and it would be impossible to interest the theatre public in a more ingenious plot. Nancy is one of those smart, sophisticated society women who wants to win back her husband from a baby vamp. Just how this is accomplished makes for an exceptionally pleasant evening. Laying aside her horn-rimmed spectacles, she pretends indifference and affects a mysterious interest in other men. Nancy baits her rival with a bogus diamond ring, makes love to her former husband's best friend, and finally tricks the dastardly rival into a marriage with someone else.

Mr. Fagan has studded his story with jokes and retorts that will keep anv audience in a constant uproar.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

A charming comedy in 3 acts. Adapted by A. E. Thomas from the story of the same name by Alice Duer Miller. Produced originally by Henry Miller at the Cohan Theatre, New York. 6 males, 5 females. 3 interior scenes. Modern costumes.

The story is written around a Virginia family of the old aristocracy, who, finding themselves temporarily embarrassed, decide to rent their home to a rich Yankee. The lease stipulated that a competent staff of white servants should be engaged, and one of the daughters of the family conceives the mad-cap idea that she, her sister and their two brothers shall act as the domestic staff. Olivia who is the ringleader in the merry scheme, elects to preside over the destinies of the kitchen. When Burton Crane arrives from the North, accompanied by Mrs. Falkener, her daughter and Crane's attorney, Tucker, they find the staff of servants to possess so many methods of behavior out of the ordinary that amusing complications begin to arise immediately. Olivia's charm and beauty impress Crane above everything else and the merry story continues through a maze of delightful incidents until the real identity of the heroine is finally disclosed, but not until Crane has professed his love for his charming cook, and the play ends with the brightest prospects of happiness for these two young people.

(Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

JONESY

Comedy in 3 acts. By Anne Morrison and John Peter Toohey. Produced originally by Earl Boothe at the Bijou Theatre, New York. 8 males, 5 females. 1 interior. Modern costumes.

The "Jonesy" of the title is Wilbur Jones, who comes home from college bringing a fraternity brother with him. Engaged to the girl next door, his vagrant fancy is attracted by the ingénue of the local stock company. His father and mother assume that he is trying to elope with the actress, and try to save him. Before they discover that the girl is the niece of their most influential townsman, the man from whom senior Jones hopes to get a good job, they have let themselves in for many embarrassing complications. With this matter reasonably adjusted, they make the further discovery that their son has sold the family car to pay his poker debts and when the father attempts to recover the car he gets himself arrested. Many humorous complications arise that unravel themselves into a happy ending.

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